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# BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

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— Tony Christopher



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THE

TAXI

RIDE



Alex

Robinson

'69

THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL WAS FAIRLY QUIET for seven o'clock in the evening. We walked past the long registration and information desk, and the newspaper and magazine shop. The Spanish bellboys in their polished brass buttons smiled when we passed by them. Another man, in a different uniform, opened the doors for us. His jacket was shorter and had more buttons. His outfit was navy blue, as well, in contrast with the grey of the bellboys. I wondered whether he was higher or lower in rank. The minute we stepped outside, I realized how comfortable it had been inside the hotel, air-conditioned, unhumid. I had forgotten how hot and muggy it was when we arrived earlier that afternoon. Even now it was still very sticky. There seemed to be very little air.

We had just finished dinner in the main restaurant of the hotel. It was a grand place, with several chandeliers, leathery mahogany decor, and large sliding glass walls leading out to a terrace overlooking the Hudson River and the docks. A French and German liner were docked at present. The glimmer of crystal and silver caught my eye. A tuxedoed maitre d' had showed us to our table, and two waiters in white gloves served us. The menu was in French and my father's order was cooked in front of him. After the main course, the desert tray was ceremoniously brought forth, a conglomeration of cakes, pies, and pastry in a variety of colors and shapes. The food was excellent.

We were going to see **Hello Dolly**. I had been looking forward to it all day. Broadway, lights, crowds; Broadway—it was something you read about in the theater section of the Sunday **New York Times**, and its people you saw on the **Merv Griffin Show**. I had never been to a Broadway show before, and I was excited. Pearl Bailey, Cab Calloway, yeah, I was feeling good. The theaters in New York are rather small, and you're pretty close to the action. We had great tickets too, Orchestra, ten rows back. Ah Manhattan. Penthouses, Central Park, Lincoln Center, Fifth Avenue, Tiffany's, the United Nations, Rockefeller Plaza, Madison Avenue, limousines. As I looked at the splendidly dressed doorman, I realized that if one can afford it, one hardly has to lift a finger. I felt regal.

We would have to take a cab. Now in New York, you can't call for a cab, as

you can in some cities. You've got to go out and get one. The best place to stand is in front of a hotel, because people are continually getting out of cabs in front of hotels. Most of the time though, you have to get right out in the street, hold up an arm, scream "Taxi!", and grab the door handle as the cab whizzes by. If you're lucky, you'll get one on the second or third try. The thought occurred to me that it would probably be a kick to stand on a busy street corner and watch native New Yorkers hail cabs.

We were standing in front of a hotel so it was easy. A yellow cab pulled up. The doorman opened the back door and an elderly couple got out, she with a mink wrap on, despite the heat, and he with a fat cigar in his mouth. We then got in, my mother, sister, and I in the back, my father in front.

"St. James Theater, 44th Street."

The driver nodded, pushed down the meter and we took off. No signal, no look, just **zap**, like a race horse out of the starting gate.

The first thing I noticed when I got in the cab was the plate on top of the front seat, rising to the ceiling of the cab. A tough plastic, I thought. It was double thick; two sliding panels which were open in the middle. I presumed it was bullet-proof. It seemed to shout its reason for being there, and it gave me a horrible feeling, like a kick in the stomach. The driver was completely blasé about the shield, as though it were as much an integral part of the cab as the meter. The plate separated us from the driver. I realized that it also gave back seat passengers more privacy, but more than a feeling of privacy, it gave me a feeling of exclusion. I didn't like it.

The hotel at which we were staying was on Twelfth Avenue and Fifty-fourth St., deep in the West side. It was just a matter of driving down ten streets, and then up town to Broadway. The cab turned right at Forty-fourth.

We were between Ninth and Eighth Avenues now. The city was strangely dark, and the heat seemed to be more oppressive. I rolled down the window. We were in a slum section, a dirty, smelly, garbage-filled alleyway-decrepit slum. It was funny about this slum. I had known it would be there, but I had never thought about it. When one thinks about or visualizes New York City, one doesn't see slums. It's only when one has stopped for

a minute in one, or driven through one, that its presence is felt. I knew that the slums were just as much a part of New York as the Empire State Building, but I realized it dramatically now.

The driver slammed his foot on the brake to stop for a yellow light as two little boys ran in front of the cab.

"Goddam kids, why don't ya watch where ya goin, fa Chris' sake?" the driver hollered out his open window. The two kids must have been all of ten years old. They swore back just as viciously. I sank back in my seat. I felt a little guilty, and very depressed. The whole business was disgusting.

I looked at the driver. He appeared to be about sixty, maybe more. He was bald and gray on the sides of his head. He wore a beat-up cap and a faded sweater. "Boy, this heat's somethin'."

I looked out the window. People were sitting on the stairs of the tenements. An old man and an old lady, just sitting there. Unsmiling, unspeaking, just staring, just sitting, waiting for the heat to subside.

"Has it been like this all week here?"

My father picked up the conversation.

"Yeah, sticky, you know?"

"It's been hot back home too."

"Where you from?"

"Boston."

"Boston?"

"Yes."

"Hot there too, huh?"

"Yes, it's been hot all summer."

"Well, I don't mind it too much, really. This is my last summer in the hack. I got two more weeks to go. Forty years I been drivin' this hack. Two more weeks, that's it."

"Forty years. My God. All in New York?"

We stopped at another light. On the corner were five kids, probably my own age I thought, pushing each other around, talking, smoking. Real tough. Hell of a neighborhood to grow up in.

"All in New York." My mind returned to the conversation in the cab. "Forty years in this city. Never do it again, though. Nope. If I had the chance to go back, I'd never drive a hack, I'll tell ya that. Nope, too rough."

"Pretty rough, huh?"

"Rough! Ho, Mister, you don't know! See that plate on the back of the seat? Shoulda had 'em years ago. Rough? Jesus, they just put a colored kid to sleep

yesterday. Had five bullets in his head."

"Oh my God." That was my mother.

"Yeah, five bullets. Somebody shot him, then paraded his body around town in the hack for three hours before the cops found him. Five kids he had. Five kids. Hell of a nice guy too. Forty-two years old. Nope, too rough. Never do it again." The driver sighed.

My mother looked around. "This area is pretty bad."

"Yeah, it's gone way down, way down. Used to be mostly Irish in here. Now they're gone . . . Puerto Ricans, Spanish in here now . . . way down."

We were coming out of the slums now. Out of the smell, out of the kids playing in the alleys in the dark, out of the garbage. Suddenly the lights of the city hit me— **hard**; like the lights coming on after a movie. Flashing, blinking, blinding, red, white, green, yellow. Traffic, people, horns. The scene excited me, but not in the way I had expected or hoped. I had seen another part of the city, and other people. I had seen the dark, stagnating part of the city, and all-consuming poverty and degradation. I suddenly felt very alone, and frightened, awesomely. We had to get this cab driver, with his

great stories! Whole damn evening spoiled!

We pulled into Forty-fourth Street. The theater marquees seemed endless . . . **Hello Dolly, Fiddler on the Roof, The Merv Griffin Show.** And the people. Thousands of people, all dressed up, talking. Broadway! The excitement in the air was contagious.

The cab pulled into the curb. "You're going to see **Dolly**, huh?"

"Right." My father smiled and began to reach into his pocket for the fare.

"Old Pearl really packs em in," the driver laughed. I wondered how many people he had let off in front of Broadway shows in forty years.

We stepped out of the cab and became part of the crowd. I thought of the cab driver with two weeks to go as the cab pulled away. I thought of the slums where we had been just three blocks back. And I saw where we were now: part of the diamonds and silk suits and ten-dollar theater tickets. Three blocks? It might just as well have been three hundred miles. And I thought about the divider in the cab. . . . My feet, for the first in a very long time it seemed, felt the sidewalk.

---

## — The Wish —

*And he said to me:*

*"I want to walk down a crowded street  
and have just the sun in my face,  
and the wind on my back.*

*I want to walk about this earth  
and never have to worry about tomorrow.*

*I never want to be poor or to cry from pain.*

*I want to be able to go where I want,  
and to do as I please.*

*I want to live where I want,  
without people pushing me.*

*I want people to look up at me,  
and love, not insult me because of what I am.*

*And I never want to be contradicted  
for the ideas that I know are right."*

*And with a sigh I said:*

*"You want to be God."*

— Christopher Thomas Murray '69



## SILVERED PLATE OF

GEORGE TAYLOR YORK WAS PROBABLY THE BEST FRIEND I HAD in the world. He was highly intelligent, at least a genius, and was a quiet, likeable person, one who meant no harm to anyone. I hated him. He was somehow a better person than I was; how 'better' I could not say, and, had I been pressed, I would have been hard put to find any major areas in which he was a finer person than I was. Still, instinctively, I felt that his was a better mind than mine, that it worked differently, more efficiently.

George and I had first become acquainted when we were both in our sophomore year in high school. We had both begun to write for our school magazine, *The Pen*, that year, and we were thrown together by the force of circumstances. When I first saw George, my initial impression was a "He looks smart." It wasn't a very scientific reaction, I admit, but that's what came to mind first.

George was tall and lean, with dark hair, and large brown eyes which never seemed to focus except on his direct command. When he looked at you, you had the feeling that he was examining your mind more than anything else. In fact, I found that his soft stare unnerved me. I could not look into those penetrating eyes of his without feeling a little nervous, and I usually dropped my head, rather than meet that stare.

He spoke with a slight stutter, his small mouth fumbling over words when he had ideas to pour out. He was not athletic, but he was a brilliant student. George could handle obscure quadratic functions as well as he could the forms of poetry, two things with which I had no facility.

I disliked him only slightly at first. I latched onto the hastily conceived impression that he was a stuffy, rather conceited prig, with an overinflated notion of his own worth.

We were in the same English class, and when I heard him discussing Dostoevsky with our teacher, and looked down at the paperback of puerile science fiction upon which I was concentrating, I felt a little smaller than I had before I had known George.

I can remember how once, when I was

struggling through the year with my head just barely above failure level, he offered to help me with my math. I resented his condescension, (at least that's what I thought it was), but since I thought he might be of some help, I accepted his offer.

We plugged away at it for almost three weeks before I grew so angry that I told him to mind his own business. We would begin amicably enough, until he would begin to discuss those things which I couldn't understand. Admittedly, these were the times when I should have paid most attention, but I found myself irritated by his way of speaking, and that cool, penetrating stare.

George's voice was not a good one, tending to be dull and monotonous. And then, he expected me to know many things which were elemental to him, but difficult for me.

I remember one session very well.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now you have to transpose the x-value, making  $34-y$  equal to  $x$  . . ."

"Wait a second; why transpose? I mean, couldn't you leave it on the left, making it  $-x$  equals  $y$  plus 34?"

"Well, Jim, look at it." George seemed irritated by the interruption. "Theoretically, you don't want the  $-x$  value, since this is a problem dealing with people. How can you have a minus number of people?"

I felt foolish, and cursed myself inwardly for seeming a fool before George. He went on, as I half-listened to him, missing what he had to say, nodding semi-intelligently when I thought it necessary.

Soon, he leaned back and asked quietly, "Jim, do you understand all this?"

I pulled myself free from my embittered reverie and answered sluggishly, "I think so. Maybe if I did a couple . . ." He flipped through the pages of the book for a moment, then turned it towards me, picking out a problem with his long, narrow finger.

I started, and before I had completed four steps, I was hopelessly bogged down. He spoke quietly, but with that touch of



irritation. "You haven't been listening, Jim."

I threw down the pencil, my anger simmering just below the surface. "No, maybe I haven't been. You're such a lousy teacher, I think I was doing better when you weren't 'helping' me. You bore me to death, George."

He just looked at me, bending his neck, his head on his shoulder, "You don't mean that, Jim. I'm just trying to help. You asked me, remember."

I lowered my eyes and apologized quietly. "I'm sorry, George. Let's get on with it. I'll pay attention." I looked up at him, and saw his eyes examining me, searching for something.

I wasn't sure I meant what I said, but I was sure I was sorry of one thing; I was sorry I had made a fool of myself, and I hated him for watching me with those intelligent eyes.

poetry. My God, George, the things you write are inane! If there's any purpose to your poetry, I can't see it."

George had a habit of laughing quietly when I became angry which seemed to me to be an evasion of my anger. He chuckled quietly now, saying with a sigh, "Jim, you don't understand anything. My poetry has a point, and if you can't see it, well, that's too bad about you. Anyway, this poem is ridiculous. It doesn't say anything at all; it's, well, just as I said: wishy-washy."

I pursued him down the hall, asking "What do **your** poems say, great poet of the Western world? Show me where your poetry conveys any clear message. C'mon, show me."

He paid little attention to me, throwing his head and uttering a "Tsk!" whenever he thought I had said something particularly ridiculous.



I also remember distinctly what happened when, in my junior year, after having had four short stories published by **The Pen**, I submitted my first poem to Mr. Carlatti, our advisor. The senior editor being absent that day, Carlatti gave it to George to read. George came to me the next day with his comments.

His narrow neck bent over the paper, he murmured his disapproval. "No, Jim, this is no good . . . it's too wishy-washy . . . too much like a soap opera . . . I can't discern any purpose."

I hesitated for a moment, then bent to the attack. "Well, I think it's almost as good as that silly junk you write, George. I mean, you can't call **that** stuff great

I stormed away, vowing to bypass George and **prove**, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that my poem was one of the most stirring rhymes in American literary history. I went to the small office provided for **The Pen**, and finding no one there, sat down and began to rage silently at the walls, pleading for some wise judgement and appreciative intellectual criticism.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shortly thereafter, George and I were named co-editors of **The Pen**, and we had the problem of putting out our first issue. It was a confused, almost chaotic time, and when the deadline came, we still had not completely laid out all our material.

We had a few pages remaining in a confused state and George and I, with a few staff members, were still trying to arrange the material when the printer arrived.

I panicked. When George began to change the layout of the last few pages, I said to Carlatti, "Stop him, will you sir?" I was afraid that George would succeed in correcting the problem, and make it seem as though he had a greater grasp of the art of laying out a magazine than I had. Before Carlatti could answer, George had rearranged the material sufficiently to make the pages come out even. It was a neat, workmanlike job. Meanwhile, the printer and the staff were looking at me as if a drunken peasant had wandered into a fashionable party.

George just looked at me with those clear brown eyes and grinned slightly, as if to say, "You fool."

I hated George for all his little triumphs, but there were other things as well. He was in many activities around the school, while I, struggling through the years, had no time for extracurricular activities. George always had a friend with him, someone he could joke with, from one of his clubs, and I always felt like an outsider, a stranger breaking into a privileged circle.

George did not know that I hated him, and I don't think he thought ill of me. He thought of me as a friend, slightly eccentric and prone to quick anger, but a friend nonetheless. I held no friendship for George, rather I always felt embarrassed when compared with him. It was not that I was always on the short end of the comparison, for it sometimes happened that people thought me a better writer, or a better editor, than George. I couldn't get away from the idea that these people were wrong, that if they **really** knew us both, they would see that George was a more clever person than was I. I could not explain, even to myself, why I thought this way, but I do know that it was not a pleasant feeling.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I went back to school in the September of my senior year, I noticed some changes in George. Previously, he had had a hard-driving attitude about studying; he had done everything he was told to do, and sometimes more. He had seemed driven by some mob of pursuant demons, and this attitude had, in part, contributed to his success.

Yet, when I first saw him that year, he

seemed paler and more sickly than he had the June before. I knew that he had participated in a summer program for able mathematicians, but I hadn't thought it would impose that much strain upon him.

I noticed also a weakening in his mental capacities. Formerly, he would be thinking, studying, reading, or writing all the time. He had no leisure time, as I saw it, because of all of his activities and the frenetic pace of his studying, but before, he seemed to have enjoyed himself. Now however, I would find him staring off into space, his face void of expression, and it was like waking a sleeping man to bring him out of this state.

Perhaps it was my point of view. For three of the four years I had known George, I was looking up at him from well below what I considered to be his Olympian position. Then, slowly, I began to improve academically and I began to grow into my role as an editor until I looked at George more from a position of parity than subordination. I found myself hating him not with so much a passion as a routine. The hate was a dry, dusty one, and I knew the patterns of my mind so well that I could anticipate my reactions to him.

One Monday, when I came to school, I went directly to the magazine office, where he usually studied in the morning. He was there, but he was not studying. He had his elbows propped on the desk, and his head rested on his hands. He looked up at me as I came in, but did not say anything.

There was no hate for this figure at the desk. He was tired, and looked it. There was also a frantic hopelessness, a wildness, in his eyes that I had not seen there before. His eyes did not meet mine when I looked at him and his shoulders drooped with weariness. It was that time when one filled out college applications, set up interviews with admissions officers, and took college boards, and I was tired, but George looked positively exhausted.

He looked up at me, rubbed his eyes, and chirped in his even, calm voice, "What's up, Jim?"

I stared down at him, (he seemed smaller, somehow, than I had always thought him to be), and managed to mumble, "Nothing really, George. I have some junk here that we got last Friday. Some other magazines, a few submissions — mostly lousy. There's one here

that's okay, from a sophomore." I tossed the sheets down on the desk and turned my back, looking at what was left in my folder.

"Jim."

"Yeah?" I grunted, not turning around.

"Jim, did you ever have the feeling that you were going nowhere in life, I mean, that you're really a nobody, an amoeba, being slowly crushed by forces you can't control? Did you ever feel that way?"

Involuntarily, I chuckled, and before I answered George, I analyzed that chuckle. Did I really think the question was funny? Was I laughing because I did not expect such a question from George, or was it because I **had** had such a feeling?

I turned around, and he was looking idly out the window, paying no attention to the papers in his hand. He flicked his eyes over at me, waiting for my reply.

"Hell, George, I've felt that way for a long time. We're just trained bears in this place, operating for the pleasure of our masters. No one really cares that there is a George York or a Jim Hammond. We've been given numbers and our records are stored in a computer memory bank somewhere, with ten thousand other records. We're just little clicks in an electrical relay. Hell, it's that way all over the world with anyone who sticks his or her head above the gutter. They're classified, checked for political purity, and told to go out and work their tails off so that the obese old men who control this world can have a few more intelligent bodies to use for cannon-fodder. But I'll say this," and here George swiveled around in his chair to face me, "if we're all trained bears, then this panda is going to foul up their system as much as possible. Sure, I'll work the way they want me to, I'll conform to their asinine standards, but you can bet I'll be causing my share of genteel trouble. I'm sick of, as you put it, feeling like an amoeba, who can be destroyed by the man with the proper anti-bacterial agent. If you were smart, George, you'd be a little looser and more independent, too. You work too hard."

He laughed, grimly. "Yes, I know — but do you have any idea what I have to do every night? Do you have that much homework?"

"Sure. I do what I think is important, and if I have time for the rest, so much

the better. If I don't, that's their loss, not mine."

He seemed puzzled. "You're right, I guess, but what am I supposed to do? I have to do this stuff to get ahead. I mean, I want to get into college. Don't you?"

I laughed. "George, if you were to die right now, Harvard would accept your body. You know, I can't get over the idea that you're insecure about something. I mean, it seems as though you're being pushed by something or somebody. To me, it just isn't natural that a kid should work so hard at this junk. Are you sure your parents never —"

He cut me short with a wave of his hand. "No, Jim. As a matter of fact, they want me to take it easy. It's just that I think I **have** to do everything. I guess you could say that it's my Ahab Complex; he had his whale, I've got college."

I could only reply, "You've got a fixation, all right, but at least Ahab's fixation kept him out in the fresh air. I think you're going slowly insane, cooped up in this place."

He began to gather his books together for the first bell and said, out of the corner of his mouth, "Well, Jim, at least you're normal and happy. Hell, you should be like me! I think I **am** going nuts."

That statement rocked me back on my heels. He was out the door before I had a chance to answer, but I stood in the room for a few moments, my mind working at a furious pace.

What did he mean by saying I was "normal" and "happy"? How could he have failed to see that for years I had hated him, with little reason? Was that normal? Was that a "happy" state? I laughed aloud when I thought of the time when I had thought **him** "a stuffy, rather conceited prig". I looked back on the time when I had flared into a ludicrous rage over a turgid, foolish little poem which was never anywhere near a decent work of verse. Who had been conceited there? Certainly not George. And then, the time when I had been so afraid that George might be able to do better than I, that I had made a fool of myself in front of my friends. All for that ugly, childish little hate.

Yet, George seemed to think I was perfectly normal, perfectly happy, as in the past I had thought of him . . .

\* \* \* \* \*



I have been in and out of this waiting room for nearly two weeks. George's family has seen him, of course, and his mother told me he was calm and quiet. That is what you would expect of George. When he broke down in the lunchroom, though, he was anything but peaceful. First, he hit Mr. Gaudens, his Math Team coach, and started throwing food at the other lunch proctors. They grabbed him and took him to the principal's office, where he calmed down. After the school doctor had taken a look at him, he was taken to this hospital.

I had never realized that a nervous breakdown could be such a violent experience, but George had been holding a lot within him.

I sit here wondering whether he or I was right. Was he right, in his single-minded pursuit of what he considered to

be learning, in his obscurely motivated drive for the great goal of all existence, college? It had landed him in a hospital bed.

But where had my opinions landed me? I felt it necessary to learn only "that which is important". Important to whom? What was important to me now would be useless five years from now, and I would bewail the lost knowledge. I had hated George because I had thought him better than myself, but was he really that different from what I secretly longed to be?

I had helped destroy George's mental equilibrium with the force of my hate, and I worry about the time when they let me into that room, for fear of what I will find there. Will there still be a George? Or will I have finally cut him down to my size?

**As**

*watching . . . the lazy sea waves  
heaving  
like the breast of an awesome creature . . .  
"cocks his bat high behind his ear. Here's the  
pitch and . . ."*

**I**

*the fishermen, listening too . . .  
"Damn reel! Who's the S.O.B. who crossed my line?"  
a cast falling short, a lucky fish below,*

**Sit**

*a sylphlike gull searching for elusive quarry,  
"Caw! Caw!"  
skimming the swelling ripples,*

**On**

*Cotton-candy clouds,  
amoebas in the sky  
changing shape at will . . .  
I lean against a pile; my hat hides the sun . . .  
  
a wave sends its cool spray o'er the pile,*

**A**

*"Plash"*

**Dock**

*The warmth of the dock seeps through my body,  
eyes sliding shut . . .  
"going, going, gone! it's a . . ."  
"zzzzzzzz"*

— Paul M. J. Suchecki '72

**B** UZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ —————  
God! Not another day! I just couldn't get my eyes opened. Not that I really wanted to. I knew what I would see—that sickly pale yellow face of my clock humming away to himself. Why don't you shut up, you stupid thing? What have you got to be proud of? You haven't learned anything. You couldn't write a short story . . . or solve an equation. All you do is sit there and bother me when you feel like it. What a life! Doing nothing. Absolutely nothing.

That's it, you box of gears. I know. I know I'm jealous, but who wouldn't be? Who wouldn't like to just sit around and watch other people struggle out of bed, run around their house, run for the bus, run, run, run. And get nowhere! That's the biggest joke ever, and what's funnier,

They did it again! They did it again! Can't they ever get their predictions right? First they say snow, so it rains. Then they say rain, and so it snows. Can't they ever do anything right? What a life! Getting paid for making mistakes! Almost as bad as my clock.

"... and you've flushed me down the toilet of your mind . . ."

What was that? Down the toilet of your mind? What the hell was this? I've heard some pretty rotten humor, but this has got to be the worst! I listened as some guy with a real "Kinthuckey" accent droned and whined over his lost love affair. Sick . . . **el putrido!** Who in their right mind would actually play that garbage. Who turned on the kitchen radio so loud . . . must be Dad. Why would he tune to such a station though? He practically

# THE DAY BREAKS



# Dennis

# Bechis

'69

nobody knows it's a joke. Oh, you lucky hunk of machinery. I think I'll kill you.

My fist hovered over the clock and then smashed down. The clock sputtered, leaping off the bureau. Tumbling down to the floor, it gasped, whined, and then died. Hah! That'll teach you for doing nothing.

I pulled the woolen blankets to my chin and buried my head deeper into the soft pillow, trying to squeeze a few more precious moments out of sleep. But it was raining fiercely outside, the wind-driven drops drumming incessantly on my window. I forced my eyes open to look out the window. Man, was it dark out there. The swirling sheets of rain were twisting, pulsating like some evil phantom with glaring eyes, trying to unlock my window from the outside.

exploded if I played rock music too loud over my radio.

I smothered my ears in the silence of my pillow . . . no use. No more sleep unless I got up and shut that damn radio off. Nope. I know my feet wouldn't budge. Impossible.

A blinding sheet of light flashed across my face. Oh boy, here it comes. I knew it by heart: "C'mon, George. Time . . ." ". . . to get up. You'll be late for school." Someone was twisting my foot. Mom, as usual.

"Oh no. Couple more minutes, please. Stupid weather," I mumbled as I pulled the covers over my head.

"Oh, no you don't, mister. It's already thirty . . . thirty-two minutes past six. What's your clock doing on the floor?" She was trying to pull the covers down,

but I still held them over my head.

"Took a walk, I guess." Stupid clock, always getting me into trouble.

"Well, you walk him right back up to that bureau and get up before I have to call your father."

"Oh, yeah . . . tell him to shut that music off. It stinks," I growled, shaking my feet at the bottom of the bed.

"Yeah, but get up." She left the room, went into the kitchen, and turned the radio off.

I threw down the covers of my bed. Somehow they had come loose from the bed and now they landed in a crumpled heap on the floor. Boy, is Mom gonna love me for that! I picked up the clutter and standing up, hastily rearranged the blankets on top of the mattress. What a mess, wrinkled all over. I put the clock back on the bureau.

Stupid teachers . . . if I didn't have so many tests I could try to stay home. Of course, my parents wouldn't agree with such a shocking "immature" course of action, but I could always try. I stumbled into the bathroom.

Wow, what a sight I saw in the mirror. My hair was matted all over. On the left side, where my part supposedly was, it stuck out straight. Never get that combed right. Let the rain drench it, then try, I guess.

I could hardly keep my eyes open. Yeah, I had expected it — big heavy bags under my eyes. Gee, did they look great! Better than Lyndon Johnson's. I could just see Jim Hammond, one of my best friends, look at me with a sparkle in his eye, and start laughing. Think I looked pretty funny? Hah! He had something even better to laugh at. I could just see him turn to the last page of my ten-page story and look up at me with that "Are you out of your mind?" expression stamped on his face. His nose would twitch trying to stifle the hysterical laugh that would eventually burst from his lips.

Hell, what could you expect from someone trying to think clearly and express himself half decently at two o'clock in the morning? The story had had such great psychological and social implications when I conceived it. Basically it was comparison between the old generation and the new, with an ultimate put-down of the former. Some family goes to a picnic somewhere. The parents meet friends they had fallen in love with many years before, but had never married of course,

while the children wander around, fall in love with other children, and later marry them. I don't know what it was supposed to mean, but it had looked fantastic at 2 AM. Yeah, the greatest! I could just see my name, George Taylor York, going down, no, up in literary history beside Bill Shakespeare. Or was it literary history? More likely.

I started brushing my teeth. I could smell, even taste the bad breath trashing around in my mouth. "Even your best friend wouldn't tell," I remembered. Jim once told me, yet he's still my best friend, I think. Ridiculous!

"Boiled eggs done." My father called from the kitchen.

Boiled eggs? I didn't ask for boiled eggs. I stopped; why was I brushing my teeth? Hadn't eaten yet. Boy, was that ever so smart.

I stepped into the kitchen. "Whose idea was . . ." I began but was cut off by my mother standing at the stove.

"Bare feet again! How many times have I told you not to step on my rugs and floors in either stockings or bare feet." My mother glared at me, pointing down to my bare feet. "You see what happened when . . ."

Here it came. That famous day in domestic history when my father stepped out of the bathroom onto the hallway rug in bare feet. Somehow his feet left large dark stains in the bright red rug. My mother, on her knees, had scrubbed the rug, cleaned it, and scrubbed it again, all to no avail. The stains looked like bear tracks to me.

"Oh, sure." I yielded to cut her tale short. I returned to my bedroom, stuck my feet in my slippers, always the left foot in the right slipper, and vice versa. I could never put them on the right way in one shot.

Returning to the kitchen, I began my attack again. "Whose brilliant idea was it that I wanted boiled eggs this morning? You know how much I'm beginning to hate eating the same food over and over again. How do you expect me to enjoy my meals? It's sheer torture! Every morning: one half cup of orange juice strained three times or a quarter cup of tomato juice, unspiced; two pieces of toast with butter or jelly, but no marmalade, nuts, raisins, or cinnamon; one hard-boiled egg, unsalted; *ad finitum*. It's like a prison. That's what it is, I say."



"The milk's on the table for your cereal. No raisins, remember," my father chuckled taking the milk out of the refrigerator and putting it on the table.

"You two! You don't even listen to me! Thanks a lot . . . I'll remember you next Halloween." What the heck! Couldn't win always. Why not try to tell them I didn't feel like going to school? Yeah, they'd love that one. Yeah, I gotta get some story written.

"Mom. I don't have any important tests today," I had to misrepresent the facts slightly. "How about if I stayed home to finish the story I was writing last night? You know I got a deadline for the school's magazine this Friday. That's two days from now. Do you hear that, two days from now? What do you want me to do . . . stay up all night before the deadline, all Thursday night from six at night to six in the morning? Well? Are you listening?"

"Sure. Ah . . . your brown corduroy coat, the one we bought last February. That oughta keep you reasonably warm and dry. Oh dear . . . you need a hat though. Your green parka with the hood—that's the one to wear. Don't let your egg get too cold. You won't like it then." She was cooking up some coffee.

Moaning, I slipped into a chair at the table. "Thanks a lot. Just watch—I'll write a satire on you," I mumbled, cracking and peeling off the shell on my egg. I picked up a knife and proceeded to cut the egg in slices. The egg felt rather soft, limp on one side. Could it be? Oh no, it was overcooked, the center molten yellow. No! Absolutely no! Overcooked squishy hard-boiled eggs were the worst things in the world to eat!

"Mom. You can just forget about this egg. It's overcooked, rotten inside. I'm **not** going to eat it." I pressed the point.

"Here, Dad, do you want it . . . or just throw it out?"

Dad lifted the dish, inspected the egg, and went to the garbage can. Mom reached into the refrigerator, searching for another chicken product.

"If you would kindly look at the clock, Mom, you would see that there's no time for another egg." She glanced over her shoulder, bit her lip.

"But I have to. Your doctor says you need lots of sulfur in your diet." Her hand hesitated in the refrigerator.

I had her beaten! I couldn't lose! "No time," I triumphed again. Dad looked on amused.

"OK. But I'll give you an extra piece of toast, I guess," she conceded, though with a pained expression.

"Yeah, sure," I passively accepted. I had won!

Dropping two slices of bread into the toaster, she turned to me. "When are you going to get that hair of yours cut? You look like something that crawled out of a cave. I really mean it. You used to have such soft, pretty brown . . ."

"Pretty!" I roared in laughter, dipping my spoon into a bowl of soggy, lifeless cereal. "What are you trying to do to me now? Anything but pretty! Next, you'll be telling me about how prim and proper those baggy brown pants I used to wear were."

"Well, they were," my father joined in, a cup of coffee in his hand.

How ludicrous! I could remember almost tripping down the stairs in school once when the bottom of the pants caught under the heel of my shoe. Yeah, real proper!

"Knock it off. So I'll comb my hair when I get to school just to please you. OK? Feel happy?" How inane could conversation become?

"No. It's still too long, even if you comb it. People'll begin to take notice." She dropped the toast into my dish. It looked dry, tasteless.

Dad looked across the table. "Well, what about that science teacher you had who told you to get it cut? Didn't please him too much, did it?"

"Well, he was a real character anyway. Inferiority complex. He had no hair himself." Big deal! As if it really mattered. Wish I were in bed again, away from this, this . . . nonsense. What did it matter if someone looked like something out of a cave? My alarm clock was damn right: everyone ran around, thought in circles, and got nowhere. Except it wasn't funny any more—it was tragic.

"Still he criticized you and could mess you up on a teacher recommendation or something," my father added.

How in blazes did this argument get started? Just because I refused to eat a rotten egg? Yeah, that's it. There must be some quick way out of this. Clothes and hair!

"Sure, let him mess me up on some college application." Fool! Why did I have to say that? Now it's really started.

"Now you talk as if you didn't care any more. I bet you didn't even do last

night's homework so you could write a story," my mother threw in.

What did homework have to do with my hair? I hadn't touched my homework in fact, but I better not say so. The kitchen was getting stuffier, hotter by the second. The windowpanes were already steamed. Damn it! This was it!

"I don't care any more, you say. Do you have the slightest idea what the world really is? It's one big joke, believe it or not. You wake up every morning at the same time, brush your teeth with the same toothbrush, eat the same rotten meal, think the same thoughts. And you go to school every day so you can get good marks to get into college to get good marks and graduate. Then you get a job and wake up every morning at the same time, et cetera, day after day . . ."

Disturbed, my mother and father demanded almost simultaneously, "And what's wrong with that? What joke?"

"Nothing's wrong if you like to run, to think in circles and get nowhere. Don't you see how ridiculous life is? You wake up in the morning and it's supposed to be snowing, but it's raining. You get a great idea for a story and then realize later how painfully sick it is. You wake up hungry for some new food, yet you never get it. The sooner you see how ridiculous everything is, the sooner you

realize that absolutely nothing matters in life." I paused to catch my breath and to see if I had had any effect on my parents. Their faces were still blank. I couldn't stop.

"You're born and you die, with your pants down around your ankles. Don't you see that? Why don't **you** try to write a story showing people what asses they are to take life as anything but a big joke? And you can waste time talking of hair! Damn it!"

I stopped. There was nothing more to say. Hell, first time I swore before my parents. That oughta shake 'em up good. But they just sat there still, almost petrified. Did they realize now what they were living for—nothing? No, I couldn't have been that convincing. Tomorrow, they'd pick on my clothes or something else and it would start all over again. They just couldn't see!

Man, was it stuffy in that kitchen. I hurried into my bedroom, slamming the door behind me. I dressed quickly, my alarm clock regarding me thoughtfully, watching me run from the closet for my parka and then to the bookcase for my books. As I stumbled out of the house from one storm to another, I called "Good morning" behind me, but there was no reply.

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## No one

*There is no one,  
No one at all.*

*Maybe there is;  
In fact,  
There must be.  
But they are  
So very far away.  
It is like*

*There is no one,  
No one at all.*

—Howard Shuman '70

# MILLFAMEY

## THE

Bob McGurn '69

## PITCHER

*(A venerable and heart-warming American folk legend handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth.)*

**M**ANY MOONS AGO, in ye olde days of yore, and way back when, there lived a baseball hero whose name is known to us all, Millfamey the pitcher. Now, although any mere layman of the game, with even the most peasant-like knowledge of baseball, knows of Millfamey's triumphs with the stitched-sphere, there is one aspect of his career which has remained in almost total obscurity. In the season of 1906, Millfamey was injured and made an heroic but futile comeback and it is the story of this comeback that I am about to tell. So, set yourself down, and get yourself comfortable because thou art about to hear the truth about this bum!

Now, as we all know, Millfamey was a likeable chum, loved by the fans both at home and on the road. He was the greatest pitcher in baseball history. Batters cringed when they saw that tall lank figure looming on the mound with a sneer on his face and lightning in his arm. Millfamey was unbeatable. His fabulous pitching won game after game for his team. The fans went into a wild frenzy whenever he took the mound, spelling doom and destruction for his opponents. Yes, he pitched no-hitter after no-hitter, shut-out after shut-out, but that isn't what this story is about.

One day when Millfamey was pitching and being his usual fabulous self, tragedy struck. Some ignorant batter had the gall to strike our hero in the shin with a line drive (the shin being very uncooperative at the time decided to break). The fans were frantic as they saw their idol carried off the field. "Now we'll never win the pennant," they shouted. But, luck was to stay with Millfamey's team and carry it to the World Series.

Though Millfamey's leg caused him pain at times, he was not totally incapacitated and after leaving the hospital, he came to every game, put on his uniform, and sat in the dugout issuing moral support to his teammates. Now, since the months of July, August, and September can be terribly hot and dusty and since Millfamey had to do something to pass the time while he sat on the bench, he decided to take up a new hobby, the consumption of malted beverages to the point of total inebriation (translation for peasants — "he got smashed every day guzzling beer!"). And so it was with our hero, sitting there on the bench day after





day, beer after beer, case after case, waiting for his leg to heal. (The way he felt at the end of a game, he didn't even know he had legs!).

Finally, that day came that every baseball fan awaits, the opening of the World Series. By that time Millfamey had almost fully recuperated. Some of the more prominent experts in the field feel that the fact that Millfamey had tripled his daily rate of alcoholic consumption in recent weeks had speeded his recovery. Be that as it may, the battle raged on the diamond. It turned into the greatest Series of all time. The tension and excitement was tremendous but Millfamey remained as cool as a cucumber. Perhaps "pickled" would be a more descriptive phrase. The whole story of the Series that year came down to the last game, the last inning, the last out, the last pitch, down to (you guessed it), down to Millfamey!

The last game of the series was played in the opposing team's home town. It was a long afternoon that day, long and very, very hot. The pitchers were unable to throw after more than one or two innings it was so hot. In fact, one brave soul who had tried to pitch three innings had to be carried from the field after collapsing (rest his soul). But the heat never bothered Millfamey who was as cool as the nearly empty case of beer he sat on.

Now it was that brave soul who had tried to pitch three innings (may he rest in peace) who had pitched in the last of the ninth. Before his worn carcass had been dragged from the field he had walked three batters, loading the bases. The score was tied. Nobody out, the bases loaded. The coach was frantic for his only pitcher left was Millfamey. With a tear in his eye, the coach said to Millfamey "My boy, it's all riding on you now!" Our hero, feeling no pain whatsoever, picked up his glove, straightened his hat, and placed his last remaining can of beer in his back pocket.

Millfamey took a deep breath and walked to the mound. Some in the crowd

began to laugh "What can he do? He hasn't pitched in weeks! We've got it wrapped up now!" But others who knew better watched with fear and apprehension as Millfamey's lank form approached the mound.

Millfamey eyed the first batter. He reached into his pocket and then took a sip of his favorite brew. Then, he threw once, twice, a third time and added another to his long list of strikeout victims. The next man stepped into the box as the fans sat more on the edges of their chairs. Three more pitches hit the mark and another batter bit the dust. With two out the fans were jittery but their best hitter was next at bat.

Millfamey took another sip of beer. He eyed the batter. The batter eyed him. He threw — STRIKE ONE! Again he eyed the batter. The batter eyed him. He threw — STRIKE TWO!! Millfamey sneered at the crowd and he took another sip of the beer. He threw, and again, and again, and all three pitches went wide of the mark. Now the count was even, three balls, two strikes. Millfamey eyed the batter. The batter eyed him. Millfamey sneered at the batter. The batter sneered at him. Millfamey took the beer once more and with a tremendous gulp finished the contents of the can and placed it back in his rear pocket. Millfamey went into his wind up. He threw. BALL FOUR!!!! The batter walked and the winning run scored!

Several hours later after the fans had left the stadium, Millfamey still stood on the pitcher's mound, looking towards homeplate, winding up, and throwing handfuls of air. (He hadn't noticed yet that the game was over.) Two members of the winning team were leaving the stadium when they happened to notice Millfamey still standing on the mound. Then, one player turned to the other and said "Hey, what's that bulge in Millfamey's back pocket?" And the other turned unto him and said, "That? Why, THAT'S THE BEER THAT MADE MILLFAMEY WALK-US!"

Amen



## Journey

*light darkening and dead  
noise roaring sinking up  
a world of meaningless noise, empty light,  
ever for nothing . . .*

Laurence

'70

*Brilliant colors flashing across my mind,  
herds of rocks rumbling rolling in space.*

Landrigan

*A small dog barking,  
flowers,  
snowflakes twined with iron lace.  
Seeing now then forever, whirling twisting ending beginning,  
a world which lives never existed.*

*Floating into myself,  
jagged heaven falling tearing mutilating my infinity.*

**SUDDENLY I HAVE CEASED  
EXISTING WHOLENESS  
ALL BLACKNESS  
DEATH.**

*I am space eternity full empty dark nothing. Life coming and going.  
Flying in a leaden balloon  
of hate,  
falling into a deep pit  
of love . . .  
my life*

*Is it her hair, like a stream of liquid gold?  
Is it her smile, which breaks the black curtain of gloom?  
Is it her body, like that of a Goddess  
without imperfection, without fault?  
Why does a glance from her bright face  
send my entire being into ecstasy?  
Can this in itself be wonderful?  
Is life itself so cruel  
that it can let me suffer through anguish unheeded?  
Am I but her pawn,  
to be played at random  
and then be sacrificed for a greater prize?  
Can I let her destroy me in this way?  
Shall my cries of pain just fade into the night . . .*

*Then,  
Here shall I remain, in this shell of a life  
and live, but die forever.*

**Why Do  
I Love  
Her?**

Christopher

'69

Murray

## Winter

### Graveyard

#### I

*Drooping day-worn darkness falls upon the city, shivering.  
A church bell tolls and echoes and rolls down open roads:  
the gasp of a hollow soul, cold, groaning, drowning in emptiness.*

*Shadow alley trespasser, Frost-bite Wind staggers and trembles on houses.  
Night's unseen cloak flapping, he stumbles into the naked neon light  
while among the torn wisps of clouds blood moon Satan smiles.  
Wheeling and kicking beer cans and musty papers,  
he crunches the wrinkled leaves, dressed bright in their death.  
Wheezing drafty breaths of cigarette and liquor, he stains the air.  
He dances on spindly legs under the street lamp halo,  
feverously flickering to its black death.  
(Lonely Light against invader Darkness.)*

#### II

*Staggering down deserted streets, the Wind stumbles onto a splinter door.  
He pecks through the glass window as  
pajama man grumbles from his bed, his bare feet creep to the door,  
bedside knife in nervous hand, "too many murders" on nervous tongue.  
Pressing ear to wood, he questions,  
"Who is it? Can't my neighbor stay away? Someone breathing? The wind?"  
Fingers tremble on the bolt, but drop.  
Shivering on knees in doorway, he rises,  
grumbling to bed, "Buy a gun tomorrow."  
The Wind wheezes outside the window, satisfied in its work.  
Cold under skin — frozen soul.*

#### III

*The Wind spins away from the window, trips across the street,  
whistles through the windowless and doorless church,  
hides in the cellar, in the steeple, stamps on the splitting rafters,  
chills the hearts of the people.  
They shudder at the crows sharpening their beaks on the roof.  
They cringe from the water which drops upon their heads  
and from the windy devils too.*

*The Wind wanders up and down the aisles, the pews.  
Preacher's voice turns to senseless mumble as the people  
finger their rabbits' feet, pet their wooden pocket gods.  
They check their horoscopes, and read their fortune cards for the  
Hanged Man.*



*The Wind brushing their face, their mind,  
they whisper of the latest murder.  
Saliva flows from their mouths, hate burns in their eyes  
as they contemplate the Crucifixion.*

*The Wind breathes its cold breath into the old men  
who peer between the breasts of the choir girls,  
the lovely seaside girls with soft braceleted arms.*

*The Wind twists their thoughts of Christmas —  
“How many gifts this year? How many girls to kiss?  
God, I wish I were Richard Cory.”*

*The Wind walks them out of the church: “Fine sermon, Minister.”  
They snicker behind his back and the Wind laughs too, contented.  
Cold under skin — frozen soul.*

#### IV

*The Wind races around the people leaving the church.  
He dances across the street and pushes the blinds and curtains open  
and peeks inside.  
Disturbed, a solitary man slants a broken blind and gazes into the dark . . .  
for someone? . . . for someone to be?  
He draws the blinds together and locks the windows.*

*But the Wind wheezes under the door and peeks again.  
Scribbled sheets of songs and poems never to be rewritten,  
never to be sung, never to be read:  
People never to be loved — a life never to be lived.*

*The Wind shakes his icicle hands in joy:  
Man’s pillowed head projects his flickering, dying soul  
on the plaster ceiling and sleeps in the twilight of dreams.  
The Wind breathes under the door, satisfied:  
Cold under skin — frozen soul.*

#### V

*The Wind staggers from the door, dances down the street,  
tripping the cemetery gate open.  
He slashes the thirsty brown grass, tears the leaves from the trees,  
and stumbles over a tombstone . . .*

*And the people claim to be alive,  
though deceived about the world, though deceived about themselves.  
They finger their pulse, they read the obituary,  
while the clouds gather and the winter lightning scratches  
its black name in the rocks, trying to spark the Light for the people.*

*. . . and the nameless gravestone totters and shatters into dust.*

*Soon the world will be locked in ice, the people frozen,  
and then the only warmth will blaze in middle earth.*

— Dennis Bechis '69

**J**OE SWORE AND TROD HEAVILY ON THE BRAKES as a bright, lithe little sports car swung in front of the heavy station wagon. "I told you I hated driving this fat cow, didn't I?" shot out and echoed through the car, bouncing off Bella's ears. The children fell silent for a moment, then continued their scrambling in the back of the car.

Bella relaxed and turned her head to the side window. She looked out at the expressway, the grey surface flashing by dizzily beneath her eyes, and did not see it. She thought of whom she might see at the picnic. There was Angus MacKillop, Henry Davison and his brother Bernard, Ruth Parris, and Betty Braeburn. All her old friends would be there, and she could see how they were, if they were still healthy . . .

Bella Fraser was an old woman, stooped slightly by her eighty years, but



proud enough still to keep her head up and her eyes alert. When the squeals of the children reached her, as from a long distance, she smiled a little foolishly, the corners of her mouth working loosely, her lips, dry and wrinkled, coming together and turning softly.

Bella turned and smiled at the children, all girls, and they giggled back at her. The old woman turned back to the road, the smile collapsing into her hard-soft wrinkled face, hard with the abrasion of the years, soft with the lines that criss-crossed her face, turning it into a creased, faded shred of a once bright and proud fabric.

She looked over at Joe, saw his set jaw, and turned away. Joe did not really want to be taking her to the Scottish picnic and Highland games. Joe would rather have been at home, reading the Sunday

papers, watching the New York Giants, drinking beer. His wife, Bella's daughter, had begged off from the excursion, pleading a backlog of housework. Joe could not make that excuse.

The autumn air was clear and cool, and it pushed the hair off Bella's forehead and

## BEGINNING

pulled it around her ears, where it danced and tickled. She swept it away with a skinny, veined hand which sank again into her lap. Joe glanced over at her, and thumbing the button for the windows asked, "Do you want the window up?

## OF

"I'll raise it, if the wind bothers you."

She began to say, "No, it's all right, I like the wind," but he had already raised the window, cutting off the flow of air.

Presently, the car pulled into the park-

## TIME'S

ing lot behind a grandstand, and Joe parked the car close to the entrance of the stadium. Inside, the activities were beginning, and Bella opened the door on her side of the car and began to get out. Joe, seeing the old woman struggle, swore

## AUTUMN

under his breath, and then hopped around the front of the car and helped her from the seat.

Joe pulled his light windbreaker from the front seat, closed the door on his side of the car, and followed his mother-in-

## John Zizis '69

law, who had taken the children with her. Joe was a husky, broad-shouldered man, nearing forty, with receding thin blonde-brown hair topping a stolid, craggy Irish face.

Joe enjoyed the company of his children very much; it was his only source of enjoyment on this particular Sunday, and as he caught up to his children, he

patted the youngest on her head, and twined a finger in her blonde curls. The five-year-old reached up to her father's hand, letting him wrap his large, strong fingers around her smaller, whiter ones.

As soon as the group entered the grandstand, Bella began to look around, her stringy, weak neck craning to catch a glimpse of someone she knew.

Bella was glad the children were there. She knew they liked the Scottish picnic, with its color and excitement, the carnival atmosphere. She bent down to take the youngest girl's hand, and the child responded by pressing her fingers against the bulbous tip of her grandmother's nose, the small digits examining the long, blunt, wrinkled protuberance. Bella stood erect again, her nose out of the range of Susan's uplifted arm. Susan giggled, her soft gurgle making her father laugh deeply and softly.

As the group moved toward the bottom of the stands, Bella spied over the heads of some younger men and women, a shall, ruddy old man, her cousin and friend, Hugh Fraser.

"Hugh!" she cried, her thin, reedy voice breaking at the top of her shout, "Hugh! Over here!"

The short, white-haired old man, in a suit of a cut long obsolete, looked over in her direction, saw her and smiled. In a moment, he was beside her, folding her hands between his. "Bella! I thought I'd see you here. It's been so long! Why, it's almost a year. It is a year! How have you been?"

Bella smiled warmly and answered shyly, "Oh. I've been fine, except for my ankle. You remember my son-in-law Joe, don't you?"

Hugh nodded, smiled, and shook hands with Joe. Hugh Fraser was a short man who had once been solidly built, and he seemed much younger than his eighty-four years would indicate. He still walked with a solid, quick stride. He and Bella had grown up together in Scotland, and they were the only ones alive of a large group who had emigrated to America after the first World War.

Bella accepted Hugh's arm, and they walked down ahead of Joe and the children, to the bottom of the grandstand, where the two old people took seats in the first row.

They had arrived just in time for the band competition, and as they sat down the first pipers began to strut out from

between the crowd at the end of the field. On command, the pipers breathed life into their instruments, and the wild, skirling music began to echo along the wooden grandstand, to be absorbed by the old people. Bella leaned against Hugh's arm, pulling at it. He turned to her and opened his mouth, as if to speak, but she shook her head and he turned back to the band, which was already halfway down the field.

Bella was remembering . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

Bella pulled the thread towards her, doubled the fabric, pushed the needle through, pulled the thread towards her . . .

Outside, she heard the faint cry of bagpipes. She frowned for a second, wondering who would be out on a sharp autumn day, practising. She put down her needlework and reached a conclusion aloud. "Of course! The band — and Hugh!" she murmured, and she moved towards the window, her lithe sixteen-year-old form moving smoothly.

She knelt on the window seat and threw open the window, letting the cool, biting breeze swirl into the house. Coming down the rise above her house, the Dunnockburn pipe band marched wearily, coming back from a morning's practice on the moor. The faces of the men and boys steamed glossily with sweat, their sinewy legs thudding heavily against the ground.

The band was made up of young men and old. The Pipe Major, George Parris, was near seventy, a ruddy barrel-chested hulk of a man. In the rear rank was the youngest member of the band, her nineteen year old cousin, Hugh Fraser. Hugh was of medium height, blonde, and strong in a wiry, catlike way.

Bella had long admired Hugh, to no avail. Hugh looked upon his young cousin with something resembling disdain, but Bella did not notice him staring through her when she talked to him, nor was she discouraged by his gruff, non-committal reply when she had asked him to seek his father's permission to court her. Hugh was not at all enthusiastic about being forced to dally with his cousin, but it was hard for Bella to see this.

The band passed under the window, and Major Parris winked at her as he strode past, in the vanguard. The pipers, too weary to really notice their surround-



ings, plodded past, their music sounding weak and feathery in the chill breeze. At the end of the line came Hugh, one of the drummers. He flicked his eyes up at Bella's window only once, and then went on. Bella, notwithstanding, waved merrily at the blonde boy, who gave no sign that he had seen her.

Bella watched the band march down the road towards town, kicking up a filmy cloud of dust as they went. The primitive, lonely wailing of the bagpipe lingered after them. She pulled the heavy sash down and thumped down on the window seat, crushing her crinoline petticoat. Her mother stood in the middle of the parlor, a dough-covered spoon extending from her clenched fist.

"Bella, I've told you before to stop that teasing of Hugh. You've opened that window and chilled the house, **and** you've made yourself seem quite a hussy in the eyes of those men. Do you understand me, young lady?" Mrs. MacPherson waved the spoon in front of Bella's face.

"Aye, mum, I do," she murmured, her face reddening.

"All right, then," said her mother, softening a little. "It's time for you to fetch me some water. And remember what I said," waving the spoon again, "I don't want you making a fool of yourself."

Bella got up, put away her needlework and went out to the kitchen, warm with steam, to get the bucket.

*Why does she treat me like a child? I'm sixteen years old, and I know my own mind. She was married when she was seventeen, and I haven't even a suitor. Why not? Because she won't let me have one. She says it's a mistake for a girl to get married so young. Well, if it was such a big mistake . . .*

Bella pulled on her thin, woolen coat and backed out the door with tears beginning to dampen her hot eyes. She almost tumbled down the two makeshift steps leading to the path which went from the house to the well, to the dilapidated tool house and out to the road.

The sky was growing darker and the breeze began to stiffen, bringing with it storm clouds from the northeast. Bella walked slowly to the well, still thinking of her mother. She felt the light tap of a raindrop on her head, held out her hand, and felt another.

She reached the well, and dipping the bucket onto the hook at the end of the rope, she lowered the rope until she heard the soft, equivocal splash of bucket meet-

ing water. She waited until the bucket had filled to the top, then began pulling it up. It was raining harder, the drops snapping against the hard ground, the wind blowing her wet hair into her eyes. It was a heavy bucket, and the added weight of the water caused her small muscles to stretch painfully at the harsh wool of her dress.



A pair of large, strong hands brushed past her and grasped the rope. Bella's father moved her aside, gruffly commanding, "Get into the house, girl!" Bella scampered down the walk as the rain came down harder, the fat drops bursting on the ground, creating miniature fountains, scarring the soil. The door was held for her, and as she darted through, her mother handed her a towel.

"Dry your hair, Bella. It's soaking wet. Was that your father I saw out there?"

In answer, the door swung open and Henry MacPherson came through it, hauling the bucket behind him.

Henry MacPherson was a tall, spare, sinewy man given to long periods of silence, who, while it was said he was dominated by his wife, exuded a quiet strength which made those who knew him confident in him.

There were strong bonds between Bella

and her father, bonds stronger than those which tied her to her mother. Oh, she loved her mother, but she adored her father.

"Aye, girl, you're awful wet. You'd best get yourself dry before you catch your death of cold. I'm sorry I pushed you out there, but you should have had sense to come out of the rain."

As she sat on her bed, drying her hair, Bella looked out the narrow window beside her at the steep, hard sheets of rain and hoped dearly that the storm would pass before Saturday, the day of the Highland Games.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the way to the games, in the MacPhersons' old, weatherworn buggy, the brown-grey mare plodding heavily before them, Mrs. MacPherson lectured Bella on the importance of maintaining "proper manners" at the games. Mrs. MacPherson realized that Bella was looking forward to the games with the thought of seeing her cousin Hugh.

"I think you should stay with us, Bella," said her mother, bouncing painfully on the narrow seat, "and not go running off, making a show of yourself."

Bella sat at one end of the narrow, hard buggy seat, her mother sat next to her, and her father sat at the far end, wielding the reins. When his wife's attention was directed elsewhere, Henry MacPherson leaned back and winked at Bella, as if to say, "Don't pay any attention to her."

The MacPhersons arrived at the broad green brae beyond Dunnockburn, in the direction of Inverness. As soon as they neared the crowd which surrounded the playing area with its gaily colored tents and midway-like carnival area, Bella began to think of darting into the mass of people, thereby losing her mother.

When her mother halted for a moment to speak to an acquaintance, Bella slipped lithely between two portly, tall gentlemen, well-dressed, seemingly out from Inverness for an afternoon of sport. As she passed between them, she heard them chuckle but dared not look back to discover why, for fear of meeting her mother's sharp gaze.

She plunged through the crowd and emerged on the path which ran past the tents. She passed tent after tent until she spied Major Parris standing before a gaily striped canvas structure. She darted behind this tent and stopped, panting. She put her hand against the tent

to steady herself, and it went through the canvas. There was a rip in the tent, almost high enough for her to step through. Bella bent over and wormed through into the warm, gaslit interior of the tent. She put out a hand, gropingly, in an attempt to steady herself and find something to use to help herself up.

She found something which moved, and a masculine voice murmured incredulously, "What the hell?"

Bella stood erect and saw that her hand had been on Hugh's shin. She put her finger to her lips and smiled; Hugh stared at her.

"Get out of here," he mumbled. "If Parris ever found you in here, he'd have my hide. What's the matter with you, coming in here like this?"

Bella smiled again, "No one knows I'm here, yet. I came to ask you; have you told your father you're going to court me? You said he might say it was all right."

Hugh groaned and began to fasten his drum-straps, shielding Bella from the sight of the other men with his body, and glanced quickly at his young, slender cousin. He lied quickly and easily.

"He said I couldn't see you."

The smile faded from Bella's face and she whispered, "He can't mean it. I mean, why . . ."

Hugh cut her off. "He's right, Bella. We're cousins; it just wouldn't work. You know what the village would say." Hugh looked up at Bella, and seeing the effect his words were having, he dropped his eyes again. "Besides, we're just too young. I mean, well," he hesitated awkwardly, "I just don't feel like getting attached to anyone right now."

Looking into his ice-blue eyes, Bella's own eyes began to mist over with the beginnings of tears. Hugh grimaced and said softly, his hands on her shoulders, "There's nothing we can do about it. I have to leave now. Just . . . forget it." And he had made his escape before Bella could reply.

The band had left, and Bella walked through the empty tent, looking at the ground. As she passed through the flap, she bumped into her father. Looking up at him, her eyes were clear now. "Where's . . ." Bella began, but her father anticipated her.

"Where's your mother? She's still back down the way a piece. Do you want to go down and see her?"

"No!"

Bella clung to her father's arm and they went behind the fence to await, with the rest of the crowd, the band contest. While she stood there, huddling against the warmth of her father, she thought about what Hugh had said. Was he right? Were they too young? It was hard for Bella to accept the fact that **she** was too young for anything, but grudgingly she admitted that her mother, and Hugh's father, might have a point. Having reached this conclusion, it was not long before she admitted to herself that it **was** a bit ridiculous to think that they, as cousins, could be regarded as lovers. She laughed quietly to herself, the soft, feminine tinkle of her chuckle echoing against her father.

"Something funny, missy?"

Bella looked up at him and shook her head, vaguely wondering what he thought of the whole business.

Her spirits began to pick up quickly as the first of the bands came marching past, the squalling notes of the bagpipes pushed by the wind to Bella's ears, took her thoughts away from her worldly cares and catapulted her into fantasy worlds of brave, desperate charges against the English, of pure, untroubled romances of an earlier time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bella awoke from her memories as the flaring skirl of the bagpipe music died on the field before her. The last of the bands

had marched past and there was a slowly dying echo on the field. Bella felt her son-in-law Joe shift behind her, and heard him call to his children. Feeling her hand still in Hugh's, she looked down the grandstand to where one of the bands was dispersing. Around a young, slim drummer there was a group of smaller children, and her thirteen-year-old granddaughter, Patricia. Bella looked at the fair-haired young girl and had to blink twice before she was totally convinced that she was not still engaged in the process of reminiscence.

Hugh tugged at her hand, and she swung her head to look at the creased, eighty-four-year-old face of the man she had just remembered as a fresh-faced youth, and she wondered how her wrinkled, collapsed face must look to him.

She turned to Joe and said, somewhat more feebly than she would have earlier in the afternoon, "Joseph, Hugh and I are going over there," and she pointed to the area where the marching bands were dispersing, "to talk to some old friends. You can come with us, or you can have us meet you back here later."

Joe looked around, with Susan and Anne, the seven-year-old, at his side, saw Patricia talking to the drummer, and said, "I think the kids and I will have more fun on our own, so I guess we'll meet you back here in an hour. All right?"

## DOOMS . . .

*The wind blew gently as the man crept out.  
He was the only thing left except the ruins of past  
civilizations  
Whose great walls lay strewn upon the sand.*

*He stared unblinking,  
Aware of the empty silence  
Left by the wake of previous violence.*

— David Aaron Thurm '71

*This deathlike hush hung heavily upon his spirit,  
Until his head spun with the pain of loneliness.  
He cried out in rage and anguish.*

*He fell like those who had fallen before him  
And the sands rushed in and covered the past once  
more.  
And the wind blew gently as it did before.*

. . . DAY



*"Built to last a hundred years,"  
The real-estate agent said;  
The roof, like a fort, to withstand all blows.  
To be safe as we lie in dead sleep!  
In a house built of stone, to remember lost life,  
When we're gone to our eternal grave.*

## "Into The Dust Descend"

*But why should we think of them!  
Why show care for those  
    Who will tread on our heads,  
    Who will push in the dirt,  
Who will want such a house, —  
    Built by our sodden bones,  
    Formed by our dreams and desires.*

*How foolish is he, that takes such care  
To plant his sapling tree,  
When long 'fore trunk and branch he'll see,  
He too shall 'neath the grass retreat,  
To join with you and me.*

*"Built to last a hundred years,"  
The real-estate man swore.  
But what consolation is that to us,  
When we are here no more, but  
Buried beneath the short-lived grass,  
Which too spurts and starts  
When spring comes near,  
Only to suffer the summer sear.*

*The time to live is not in the past —  
What happened "before" will not lighten the load  
Or soften the soil, or brighten the sky.  
Think not of the future, that useless "sometime",  
That childish dribble of poets and fools.  
The sky is falling and we may find,  
Any now, any then, any sometime,  
Under piles of rubble, near the land of forever;  
There we may find —  
    Nothing;  
    or Something —  
It will not matter.*

*I look at the stars, and wonder, "Why?"  
I dream of Apollo, and whisper, "When?"  
I ponder inventions, medicine, war;  
I think of the future, the fate of men;  
And deep in my soul, a pain cries out:  
    "I want to know!"  
    "I want to know."*

— Edward Shaffer '69



— Scott

Mr. Raymond Faxon

## ALUMNI SECTION

### Mr. Raymond Faxon

*Mr. Raymond Faxon, son of Archer L. Faxon, who taught mathematics here at Boston Latin School for thirty-three years, graduated from Latin in 1925 and from Boston University in 1929. Working from his fifth-floor office on State Street, Mr. Faxon serves as Chairman of the Board of Florida Gas Company, Director of Sea Palms Corporation in Georgia, and Treasurer of Corning Natural Gas Company in New York. A golf enthusiast during weekends, Mr. Faxon fosters this sport as Trustee for the Francis Ouimet Fund for young golfers. He is also responsible for the Archer L. Faxon Scholarship and for a recent donation of \$25,000 to the school.*

*Last October, John Zizis and Dennis Bechis spoke with Mr. Faxon about politics and social movements in Boston and their effect on education at Boston Latin School.*

**Register:** Mr. Faxon, you recently granted \$25,000 to Boston Latin School. What motivated you to this generous action?

**Mr. Faxon:** I have always maintained a deep interest in Boston Latin School. In my days here, almost everyone went to Harvard, but this trend dropped off sharply after my graduation. My brother, who taught here during this decline, told me how discipline was not being enforced. This lack of discipline was of course the cause of Latin School's problem: Boston Latin School, I think, was lowered in discipline and quality of education to a school like Hyde Park High. Only those boys who were naturally gifted were accepted at top-rate colleges like Harvard and Yale. But the chances were not favorable for the majority of Latin School boys.

If greater discipline had been enforced, the situation would have remedied itself automatically. If there had been more discipline, students would have presented a much more refined image—not only in manners and dress, but also in culture. Thinking back to the recent demonstrations at English, I say that if Boston English had a more rigid system of discipline, the

demonstrations would not have started at all, or if they did, they would have been controlled a little more peaceably.

In answer to your question, I gave the money because I saw the tremendous change that has happened in Boston Latin. Since Dr. O'Leary became headmaster, discipline has been enforced prudently. The boys look very respectable in dress and manners and they receive a fantastic education in the classics and the sciences. I hear courses in Greek have been established and these of course will benefit those boys who want to major in medicine and the classics and even in science. Also the IBM computer installed in the school gives students a perfect opportunity to widen their interests and to take advantage of one of the most important machines ever made.

The virtues of a Latin School education are self-discipline and a wide range of courses. This is what raises Latin School's image and attracts the top-rate colleges. I feel my donation will have the most significant effect now for it can be put into the proper channels and spent efficiently.

**Register:** Certainly you have also ob-

served changes in the teaching staff. Now we have a growing number of young teachers, including women teachers. How would you evaluate the quality of education at Boston Latin when you came here?

**Mr. Faxon:** I can remember many excellent teachers while I was at Latin. There was Mr. Hobbs, a tough but wonderful English teacher. Also Rice and "Gunner" Dole Arnold. I know my teachers were good. I myself taught French in Europe for two years and later in New Jersey before giving it up after World War II. I cannot say how good the teachers are now but I would say fairly safely that they are as good if not better. I know that students feel more identified with and therefore more obedient to young teachers, but an older teacher can draw more attention through his experience. The teacher has to radiate a feeling of good will and understanding to be successful with his students. I had plenty of those teachers.

**Register:** You know of the policy of the Boston School Committee to distribute its money equally among Boston high schools, thus giving Boston Latin only as much as Hyde Park High, for instance. Do you regard this as detrimental to the growing reputation of Boston Latin's superiority?

**Mr. Faxon:** Of course, the School Committee is trying to avoid a quarrel with other high schools who may not think too much of Boston Latin . . . or more probably they are jealous of Boston Latin. In any case, the policy is ridiculous — to think that all high schools are equal in education and thus equal in money needed. It may seem like discrimination to give more money to Boston Latin, but the superiority of education at Boston Latin School has substantial proof — tradition, College Board scores, National Merit Finalists, college admissions, community activities and projects involving Latin School students, and so on. It's idiotic to equate Boston Latin with any other high school . . .

**Register:** You also know of the "rush to the suburbs." How does this movement affect Boston Latin School?

**Mr. Faxon:** I don't think Latin School suffers any loss of image directly. Latin School does suffer indirectly. Latin School will always create a respectable image if discipline is enforced. However, Latin School is losing power in Boston. Most Latin School graduates become affluent and decide to take advantage of their wealth and move out of Boston, or at least to West Roxbury or Jamaica Plain. This movement of course makes way for other groups of people, many of whom are not as intellectually trained as Latin School graduates and hence do not have much influence. This condition in turn makes it easier for unqualified candidates to become elected to public offices, people for instance who will only pretend to be concerned with public education. In this way Boston Latin is losing power in Boston.

Latin School graduates, however, do carry weight in suburbs, but are unable to manage education expenditures in Boston. I would like to see the sons of Latin School graduates have the opportunity to attend Boston Latin even if they live outside the city. This of course is impossible now, and will always remain so as far as I can see. I myself would like to live in Milton, but instead I live on Beacon Street. In this way I still have the power — though rather insignificant — to vote and to help the Latin School cause.

**Register:** In closing could you tell us what benefited you most from a Latin School education?

**Mr. Faxon:** As I said before — self-discipline and a wide range of courses. Latin School teaches one how to study, a habit which becomes indispensable later in life. Boston Latin School's training in self-discipline is well recognized across the nation. Once when I was asked what college I went to, I replied, "Boston Latin School." It's no joke and everyone knows that. You would hardly believe now the number of doors you can open in business for example with a Latin School education in self-discipline. You'll see that and come to appreciate it later in life.

**Register:** Thank you, Mr. Faxon.





## "She"

*While looking at this world of tears and want,  
For a moment, I turned my head from all that pain  
And again, She was there —  
And the wind took hold of Her hair  
And the sun seemed to set Her face aglow  
And as She walked along the sand  
It seemed as though God had made Her alone,  
And that there was nothing wicked in this world  
And that finally had come an end to pain  
and to greed and to hate —  
And as I gazed at Her  
I wanted to touch Her  
And thus to be free from all worldly cares  
And to feel the divine life that embraced Her —  
She was all that I had dreamed about  
and had ever hoped for (I suppose that anyone had hoped for)  
So I walked towards Her  
And called Her by name —  
But I, as so many before me,  
watched as She ran towards the horizon  
and soon disappeared from sight.  
Ah, so many times She had eluded me  
And now I'm too old to chase Her.  
But I'm not the last to try,  
And one day, someone will catch up with Her —  
And then he'll touch Her  
And his reward will be the fulfillment of the dream of mankind.*

— Christopher Thomas Murray '69

## The Creature

*It was a tiny creature —  
So small, it could barely be seen,  
Yet large enough to be felt  
as its movement tickled the hair on my arm  
And disturbed my mind, already in deep contemplation —  
A bug,  
a minute green bug,  
So simple,  
yet so far advanced beyond man's creations,  
A wonder!  
Something so small,  
So unnoticeable,  
Yet with a mind, a mind of its own,  
Able to move at its own will  
Not to be influenced by anyone or anything.  
And for one instant of time  
I envied it in its simplicity,  
And it seemed to try to talk  
as my fingernail split it in two.*



# EDITORIALS

## HOW MUCH POLICE POWER IS ENOUGH?

THE CONCEPT OF "Law and Order" was probably the most controversial issue of the national election. How could such a basic ingredient of workable government arouse so great a tide of varied and conflicting opinions? A major cause is the regulation of police power in safeguarding the right of all citizens, although it is the police who have been widely criticized for the handling of demonstrations of unrest.

Our generation is the best educated and most politically oriented in history. Greater numbers now feel the need to be involved and to be heard in public protest. They place a great burden upon the police force, who not only must insure protection for the demonstrators but also see to it that private citizens are not subjected to any harassment by these demonstrators. Often, this delicate balance must be protected by the police with immediate decisions. Occasionally, with the added pressure of huge crowds, these impromptu arrangements result in error and confusion.

As Bostonians, we need not look any further than downtown for an example. During the summer, a large group of 'hippies' encamped on the Boston Common. On a July night (in the middle of the occupation) orders were issued to the Boston Police to clear the area. The police, with a powerful show of 'billy' clubs, paddy wagons, force, succeeded only in provoking a disturbing scene which could have been solved readily with a less forceful and more sensible performance. Despite the efforts of the police to remove a nuisance from the Common, the mishandling only created an unfavorable press reaction and provoked the hostility of the citizens of Boston.

However, during the recent riots in many large cities, the police were cautioned by political leaders to avoid force to prevent further disturbance. Instead, this procedure boomeranged as burning, looting, and violence could not be controlled. Millions of people in this country witnessed similar incidents on television and were appalled at such inaction and ineffectiveness by the police.

Such tragedies account for the alienation between the people and the overseers of the peace.

A more extensive screening of police candidates to insure a brand of policeman with self control and good judgement is required. In addition, a more comprehensive police training program in the handling of immediate problems like mass public demonstrations would undoubtedly increase the efficiency and competency of the police force. A more basic need is the recruitment of many more men, since an undermanned force dilutes efficiency. Better pay is the most obvious lure for more candidates. Many able individuals would not bypass a police career because of pressing financial needs.

Even a capable police department is, in itself, inadequate to combat the greater problem of the skyrocketing crime rate, because the judicial system, and the Supreme Court in particular, are so concerned with the insurance of the rights of the accused and are so bent on leniency that they limit the effectiveness of law enforcement agencies.

This ultra-liberal interpretation of the Constitution by the courts does not so much aid the innocent as it provides loop-holes for the criminal element. In many cases the police actually fear to carry out their duties—lest some technicality may place them in an awkward situation. In fact, some police officers openly admit that they hesitate to make arrests for fear that the courts will set free the accused person and will subsequently embarrass them. In general, more loop-holes are being found to evade punishment, and more restrictions are being placed upon the law enforcers. The courts are required to use rigid regulations in the issuance of search warrants, yet the criminal lawyer can arrange bail easily. Crime has been nurtured not so much by the incompetence of the police as by some of these crippling restrictions.

The pendulum of law enforcement has been tilted by an excess of judicial protection for the criminally accused, but this pendulum can be straightened again by relinquishing some of this insurance and redistributing it as a supplement for the protection of society.

— Andrew B. Picarello '70

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## The Pendulum Swings

*Searing wind. Tearing rain . . .  
The leaves float down  
And melt into the flesh of earth.*

*The new chill brings round  
The atmosphere of a well-earned  
Rest before a brisk new task.  
A man in a swing is rocking . . .  
Swirling . . . twirling . . . turning . . .*

*The leaves begin the reincarnation  
To become the trees they were . . .  
Slow . . . tearful . . . painful.*

*The fierce wind is mocked  
By the leaves' slow descent . . .  
Having witnessed this season before,  
He remembers . . .  
He will not linger (there are others);*

*He's like the week-end swinger who  
Drags forlorn to Monday's class  
Jeering yet fearing . . .*

*The huge tower clock's pendulum,  
Not hearing, keeps ticking,  
(Does the bell toll? For us all?)  
And, counting every day,  
Soon will swing our way.*

— Peter W. Hogan '69



# LORDS AND MASTERS



— Scott

Mr. Morton Weinert

**"M**ATH TEACHERS are just like students. They get hung up on problems, that is, go off on **tangents** . . . Gee, that's my second mistake since 1928," Mr. Morton D. Weinert excuses himself with a smile for butchering a calculus problem. Mr. Weinert has an abundant sense of humor, generosity, and warmth. Entering Latin School in 1930, he graduated in 1934 and then from Harvard in 1938. Throughout high school and college his hobbies included hockey, tennis, baseball, touch football, swimming, and crew.

Mr. Weinert considered teaching as an undergraduate at Harvard. He was active in the French and German Clubs there. He received his Ed.M. in French from Bos-

ton State in 1939, and as a substitute he even taught French at Boston Latin School in 1946. Taking graduate courses at University of Massachusetts, Harvard, Columbia, Brown, Boston University, and Boston State, he strengthened his deep interest in mathematics and since 1952 has taught math in the Boston school system. He has also taught in Needham High, Antiaircraft Artillery School, Military Intelligence School, University of Massachusetts, Rutgers, and Boston University, to mention only a few. In 1963 he received his Ed.M. in mathematics from Harvard and now heads the math department at Boston Latin School.

Mr. Weinert is proud of the curriculum at Boston Latin School and especially of the math program, which is stronger each year. Gradually a six-year program is developing which will introduce a half year of calculus in the junior year so that the student receives two semesters of college credit while still in high school.

In general, Mr. Weinert feels that the school has an excellent curriculum in keeping with the technological and computer age—a good balance of liberal arts and sciences. Skeptical about "progressive education," he believes that predetermined guidelines are best for the students. "High school students do not know where their interests lie and therefore we should have required courses in different areas to give the students a broader knowledge to help them decide." Mr. Weinert, however, urges students to concentrate in an area in which they naturally excel and to develop their potential as much as possible.

Mr. Weinert expresses a sincere concern for the younger generation. The generation gap has always existed but is now more more obvious in an increasingly technological society. The gap is more emphasized since the activities of the younger members exclude older members, and vice versa. Also, he blames

the widening of the gap partly on labor shortages caused by World War II which demanded that both parents work; hence the loss of communication between them and their children.

Although Mr. Weinert sees no simple solution for the generation gap, he expresses some hope. He believes that the social structure maintains itself only through education, and hence sees revolutionary organizations like the S.D.S. as destructive to society because they really destroy what they claim to be improving — education.

Mr. Weinert urges that young people "conform in order to gain experience to enlarge themselves and society." He is **not** recommending loss of individuality and/or standardization of personality. In

fact he rejoices in the creative and exploratory nature of man as evidenced in abstract art and other modes of expression. Moreover, he maintains that man should **never** be satisfied with the status quo. Yet, he believes strongly that one should have enough "security" before attempting progress, security which can only be obtained by first establishing oneself in the world. "Security keeps man alive while progress keeps him moving and man should try to attain a happy medium of both."

But, perhaps Mr. Weinert's warmest advice to his students is his least articulated — **to live**. Even now Mr. Weinert still enjoys tennis, swimming, touch football, skating, travel, music, art, and keeps well informed about current events.

**T**HE ADVISOR of the **Liber Actorum** is Mr. John J. Chisholm, who teaches English in room 214. Mr. Chisholm worked on the yearbook, as well as on the student council and in dramatics at Boston College High School, from which he grad-



— Scott

Mr. John Chisholm

uated in 1953. He went on to Boston College, from which he received his B.A. in English in 1958. He received his Ed.M. in 1964 from Boston State College. He also studied at Boston University in the summer of 1966. From 1961 through 1967 Mr. Chisholm taught at Catholic Memo-

rial High School, where he was chairman of the English department and director of dramatics. Mr. Chisholm came to Boston Latin in the fall of 1967.

During his spare time, Mr. Chisholm is a member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce; he teaches also at Boston State College two nights during the week, and, given the opportunity, acts in the Community Theater. He has also taught on the Channel 44 TV High School.

Mr. Chisholm feels that a balance between classical and modern works should be maintained in the English curriculum. He believes that there should be a strong classical background for the study of modern novels or modern drama, but feels that these "classics" should not be emphasized to the exclusion of more modern curriculum elements. Speaking of the twentieth century novel, he says, "The student can better relate between himself and the book, something impossible with many of these 'classics'." The high school English course, he thinks, tries to cover too much; overwhelms the average student with the diversity of styles and social situations presented in such different books as **David Copperfield**, **Tale of Two Cities**, and **The Great Gatsby** or **Lord of the Flies**. Mr. Chisholm thinks the course should be more concerned with developing an appreciation of literature and a desire to read. "Many of these 'classics' tend to stifle this desire."

Mr. Chisholm says that in this age of media effectiveness, Shakespeare, or for that matter, all drama, could be most ef-

ficiently taught through the use of films or television, rather than merely the reading of these plays. "I think we should get away from the **reading** of Shakespeare, and begin to get into the study of these plays as actually **produced**. I don't think the dynamic quality of Shakespeare's writings comes through in printed form."

Above all else, Mr. Chisholm sees flexibility in the educational process as the most important goal of any teacher. He sees the function of the English teacher to be as a guide to the appreciative reading of good literature, be it of the eighteenth, nineteenth, or twentieth century.

The study of classical languages, according to Mr. Chisholm, is "extraordi-

narily helpful" in studying English literature, since the study of Greek and Roman literature aids greatly in showing the beginning of many patterns of thought which can be detected in all literature, including that of the present. He feels it unfortunate that ancient literature cannot be studied in depth until Class II or I.

Finally, Mr. Chisholm plans to remain in teaching, a field which he sees as "providing rich opportunities for those interested in applying the new advances in media technology directly, in a useful and productive way. I see television, if used imaginatively, as becoming an effective teaching tool."

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*It was a fool's wish  
to be like him —  
To laugh at the wind  
to grin at the sky,  
to sing in the day,  
and to dance in the night.*

### "The fool's wish"

*He held men captive  
by the tip of his sword  
and his women he held  
by the fire in his eyes.  
He robbed not for money  
for he had more than most  
but he stole just to steal  
and to thrill with the act;  
To laugh at the buffoons  
with their lacing and such,  
shaking with fear  
as his steel creased their chest.*

*And the chase, how he loved to dash into the marsh  
and to elude even the smartest of all the king's men;  
and the women, how they loved him for doing these things  
and how they did fight and tear at each other  
for the honor of just being near him.*

*Yes, it was a fool's wish  
to be like him,  
For even as I tried, on that warm night in June  
a musket was dug into my back,  
and I, I was ranked as a common thief  
and shall lie in this cell for five long years.*

*But sometimes at night I still can hear  
his gallop and his laugh and his cry in the wind  
And while maybe asleep, or while maybe awake  
his voice seems to ring through the black of the night:  
"To be better than the best  
is a fool's wish,  
and a fool never wins."*

Christopher Thomas Murray '69



# Something of Interest



THE FINAL school bell in June usually marks the commencement of two months of fun and relaxation to the average student. However, many BLS students chose to continue their pursuit of excellence in many activities by taking part in summer studies programs, attending conventions, and participating in workshops.

Attending a Secondary Science Training Program at Thayer Academy in Braintree were Dennis Bechis, Ricardo Eng, James Farrenkopf, Richard Newman, G. T. Stavropoulous, and Joe Wong.

Paul Snow, G. T. Stavropoulous, Rich Peterson, Sandor Varga, and Nathan Zielonka also took advantage of the many courses offered to high school students at the M.I.T. Summer Studies Program.

The Amherst campus of the University of Massachusetts was the site of Boy's State this past summer where students participated in a working model of the state government. Latin School students who attended were Jimmy Chansky, Pat Groden, John Hogan, Steve Kent, Nick Mazares, and Jerry Murphy.

Non-academic instruction was offered at the Georgetown University Summer Debate Institute to John Hogan, the president of the BLS Debate Squad.

The International Key Club held its annual convention this summer in Montreal, Canada. Delegates from our club were Bob Burke, Gerry Field, John Hogan, and Larry Landrigan. For the second year in a row Latin School Key Clubbers played a prominent role. This year John Hogan was elected International Trustee for the New England-New York region.

Howie Pearlman and Bill Wright attended a conference sponsored by the New England chapter of the National

Conference of Christians and Jews. Two hundred fifty students attended the conference at Camp Tel Noar from August 24-29. The students spent most of the time discussing the current problems which are facing the youth of the nation.

Mike Pearson, president of the BLS Student Council, attended a state-wide Student Council Conference held at Westfield State College. Mike was also elected Treasurer by the other students there.

Last June at the annual Spring State Conference of the Sons of American Legion, William Coughlin was elected State Commander. At the national convention held in New Orleans this September, Bill represented the Massachusetts Sons of American Legion.

Some of our musicians also kept up their practice this summer by attending the Greater Boston Youth Symphony Orchestra's Summer Workshop. Mike Cronin, Jim Lauterbach, and Ken Zunder spent a week in Maine rehearsing and practicing for the orchestra's upcoming season.

At the United States Youth Games, sponsored by the American Machine and Foundry along with the Mayors' Urban Action Task Force, held in St. Louis during the month of August, twelve cities sent representatives to compete in track and field, basketball, and bowling. From Boston were three Class III students: Tom Duffey in the 880 yd., Tessil Collins in the 220 yd. relay and George Sullivan in bowling.

Latin School students were also represented in academic contests this summer. Greg Mazares competed in an essay contest on "What My Freedom Means to Me", sponsored by the thirteen original states. He finished first in Massachusetts

and went on to the semi-finals in Philadelphia where he placed second and had the great honor of meeting Hubert Horatio Humphrey.

On July 4 Class President John Hogan helped celebrate America's 192nd year of independence by reading the Declaration of Independence in a ceremony at the Old State House in Boston.

When school opened this September many students returned to resume their struggles to achieve their goals. To the many (too many ??) new sixies their goals weren't certain but every senior was aiming for one target: college.

In an effort to impress the visiting colleges our school finally received something new that was of interest; a paint job. Now when a student is heard talking about "baby blue" he isn't referring to his baby brother's booties; he's talking about the color of our front lobby.

So far this year many BLS students have carried our image of virtue, integrity, and all those qualities which the ancient Greeks possessed to the television media.

On October 14 Dennis Bechis, Jim Bezreh, Bob Burke, Ricardo Eng, Al Fine, Ira Kasoff, Henry Ozog, Cliff Scott, and Joe Wong participated in a WHDH presentation on "The Role of the Scientist in Public Affairs".

Tom Chin, Artie Cox, and Steve Thibeault were part of a panel which appeared on "One Nation Indivisible" which was shown on October 21 over channel 4.

On October 22 over channel 2, Alex Robinson and Ken Zunder performed with the Greater Boston Youth Symphony Orchestra in a presentation of Humphrey M. Evans' **Vedic Pronouncements**.

Currently rehearsing for another musical presentation are Dave Goodman, Rich Ragin, and Dean Witten who are members of the "Greater Bostonians", a studio orchestra sponsored by WHDH.

On November 8 Dennis Bechis was seen in a channel 5 discussion program: "Student Voice". Isaac Asimov, science fiction writer and professor at Boston University was the guest and the following week drama critic Samuel Hirsch was present. In a later program, Dennis was also seen with Red Auerbach, General Manager of the Boston Celtics.

On November 8, NBC brought its cameras to Latin School to film a documentary dealing with the problems of education in the slums of large cities. Frank McGee,

who was doing the commentary, explained that there was nothing wrong with the education at Boston Latin, but they merely wanted to use a classroom



— Scott

"... for violent subversion of school principals."

as a setting for the commentary section of the program. The school systems of Boston and Rochester, New York will be used as examples on the program since they are representative of poor systems throughout the country. The NBC White Paper will not attempt to solve many of the basic problems, adding that it will be a long time before all the problems are solved. The program will be seen on December 30 from 9:00 to 11:00 P.M.

The Latin School student being what he is, his opinion is often sought — and usually heeded — on a variety of matters.

On October 17 School Committeeman Tierney, Representative Haynes, and Mr. LoPresti came to BLS to ask the opinions of our seniors on the causes of the disturbances which arose over the school's dress codes, and Black Student Unions. These men were part of Mayor White's committee which is trying to find some

answers to the numerous problems which exist in the Boston School System.



— Scott

Dashiki it to 'em!

On November 4 our entire student body was polled on our political preferences for the Presidential and Sheriff's elections. The fact that Latin School students voted for Sheriff Sears and for Vice President Humphrey could be an indication of what might have happened if the voting age had been lowered before the election.

Earlier in October the theater critics of the **Register**, Dennis Bechis, Alex Robinson, John Zizis, and Ken Zunder attended an advance showing of Shakespeare's **Romeo and Juliet** at the Abbey Theater. After the show the 500 high school editors present were given a chance to interview the stars: 17 year old Olivia Hussey and 18 year old Leonard Whiting.

The editors of the **Register** and **Liber Actorum** attended the New England High School Editors Conference held at Boston University on October 25 and 26. **Register** editors Bechis and Zizis won the Highest Award for our magazine as did Burke and Clabaugh for our yearbook.

Paul Suchecki represented the **Register** at the thirty-second annual School Press Conference sponsored by the Boston

Tuberculosis Association. Guest speakers included James Mahoney of the Boston Herald Traveler, Chester Kennedy of the Massachusetts Department of Health, and Mrs. Sally Jones of the Beth Israel Hospital. A film entitled **The Elusive Enemy** was also shown.

The National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test is perhaps the one test which separates the scholars from the students. This year Boston Latin was once again one of the top schools in the state with twelve Semi Finalists who represent the top one quarter of one percent of all the students who took the test. These students are Robert Burke, Richard Cass, Michael Cronin, Richard Duggan, John Hogan, Ira Kasoff, Gerald Muldoon, Martin O'Hearn, Richard Peterson, Edward Schaffer, Paul Snow, and Nathan Zielonka. In addition thirty-nine students were awarded Letters of Commendation.

We would like to congratulate Chris Kennedy who was elected President of the South Suffolk I CYO Deanery. Chris is president of thirty individual Catholic Youth Organizations.

Thomas L. Phillips, President and Chief Executive at Raytheon Company and a graduate of Boston Latin, Class of 1942, has been honored in an article which appeared in the financial section of the New York Times on November 10. Mr. Phillips has also been named as Man of the Year 1968 and will receive his citation at the annual BLS Alumni Reunion held on Thanksgiving eve at the Harvard Club in Boston.

Also, Larry DiCara, President of the Class of 1967, has announced that the members of his class have raised \$500.00 towards a scholarship in memory of their late classmate, Paul Gordon Ericson, Chairman of the Class Committee of the Class of 1967.







# SPORTS

## FOOTBALL

### LATIN VS. MALDEN

An encouraged Latin squad came off pre-season victories and was determined to beat a graduation-depleted Malden High team in Malden. Both teams played a tight defensive game and were unable to muster any offense in the first quarter, though the Purple did drive to the Malden 10 yard line before being stopped. Midway through the second period Malden scored on a two-yard plunge, and Mosche Shushan, their soccer-style place-kicker put the ball through the uprights for what turned out to be the decisive point. The Latin team, down 7-0 at the half, returned fired up for the second half. The offensive line began to click, and Norm Finley and Ken O'Connell broke through the Malden line for big gains. Soon O'Connell rambled 32 yards around left end for a score. The points after, to every Latin fan's dismay, failed. Stand-outs in this 7-6 defeat were Norm Finley and Ken O'Connell on offense and co-captains Nick Mazares and Bob Gallagher, who along with Bruce Burnham and Jim Finn kept the Purple always in the game during this heart-breaking encounter.

### LATIN VS. LYNN CLASSICAL

The Purple traveled north to battle a tough Lynn Classical team. The injury-riddled Latin team was forced to remove excellent runner Norm Finley from his running back spot and place him at quarterback. In summary, the Purple was a



— Christopher

victim of the talents of Lynn quarterback Joe Silvonic, who stole the show, scoring 3 touchdowns and kicking an extra point. The Purple were able to sustain only two drives in the first half; they were stopped once on the Lynn four, and on the other drive Jim Finn scored on a handoff from Finley. In the second half Silvonic took a Latin punt and outmaneuvered ten Latin players, some of whom had more than one shot at him, down the sideline 73 yards for a score. This excellent return sapped all of Latin's momentum. Late in the fourth quarter, Finley, on a quarterback option, raced up the sideline for Latin's only other score. Defensive standouts were Nick Mazares, Bob Gallagher, Jeff Allen, and Mike Stone. Final score: Lynn 21, Latin 12.

#### **LATIN VS. RINDGE TECH**

Latin's next foe was Rindge Tech. Playing great ball throughout the first half, the Purple left at the half leading 6-0 on a Ken O'Connell touchdown run. During the second half, the defense, Latin's strong point in the game, gave Rindge some breathing room, which enabled Rindge to win 14-6. Throughout the season injuries plagued the Purple; these injuries are the reason for the let-down in this game and in most of the others. The play of Jerry Gallagher kept Latin in contention in this game. The senior defensive end played an outstanding game, knocking down Rindge interference and along with Nick Mazares making most of the Purple's tackles. Other standouts were Bob Garrity and Chris Kordis. Final score: Rindge 14, Latin 6.

#### **LATIN VS. BOSTON TECH**

Latin finally played a familiar sight, Boston Technical, at White Stadium. The first half was all Technical: Tech scored on a two-yard plunge, a return of an intercepted pass, and a four-yard run by fullback Tim Colton. The score at half-time was Tech 22, Latin 0. The Purple came out for the second half fired up, with the assistance of the enthusiastic student body. Norm Finley ran forty yards on the keeper for a score, making the score 22-6. Mike Stone and Nick Mazares blocked a Tech punt, but Latin was unable to capitalize on the break. After an exchange of punts, Finley threw a long touchdown pass to flanker Bill

McHugh. The conversion failed, and the final score was 22-12, Tech. Latin standouts were Finley, McHugh, and Ed Hubner. It was a tough defeat, but it showed that Latin was not out of a game until the final gun.



— Christopher

#### **LATIN VS. BROOKLINE**

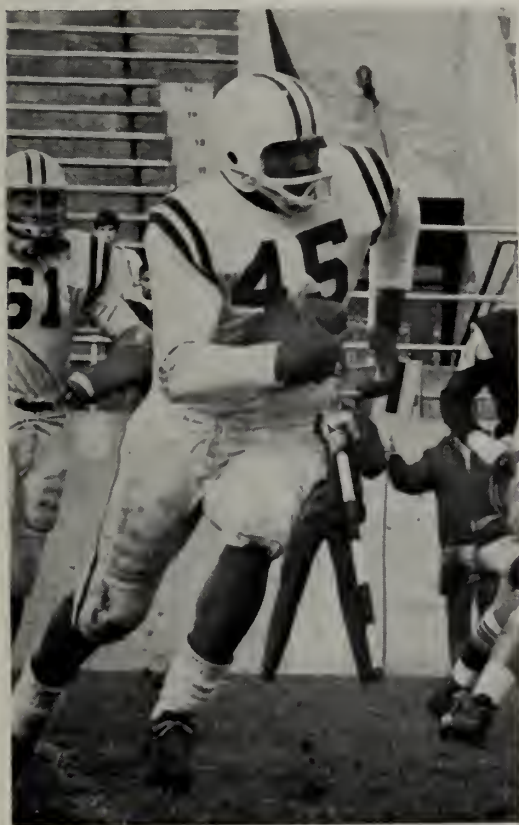
Latin was geared for a big upset over the top team in the state. The first three periods were a defensive battle; there was no score. The Purple's defense continually came up with the big defensive play, stopping Brookline again and again. Interceptions by Nick Mazares and Bob Garrity, and two Brookline fumbles puzzled the fans as to which team was the best in the state. Finally, in the fourth quarter, the fumble and the interception, which had plagued Latin all season long,



virtually gave Brookline the game, as Brookline scored twice and added a conversion. The Purple, trailing 14-0, fought back with the final drive of the game. Norm Finley hit Bill McHugh on the Brookline three. Two plays later Ken O'Connell plunged over for the final score of the contest. The Purple went down 14-6 in a remarkable display of defensive football against the powerful visitors. Standouts were Nick Mazares, Bob Garrity, Bruce Burnham, and Chris Kordis.

#### **LATIN VS. NEWTON**

Newton High came to White Stadium with only one loss. They nearly left with two. The only score in the game was a forty-one yard scoring pass by rich-towner quarterback Colin Capton. The Purple's defense was very strong, with fine efforts from John Favorito, who had one interception, and from Ward McCarthy, who returned from a knee injury and helped in squelching the Newton passing attack. Others with good games in the offensive line were Nick Mazares, John Shipps, Peter Tang, and Lou Cutler.



— Frasca

Ken O'Connell and Norm Finley nearly broke loose but Newton's defense just managed to stop them. This game, like all the others, showed that Latin was a fighting team, not willing to concede.

#### **LATIN VS. B.C. HIGH**

Although the Purple were ready to take on a tough foe in B.C. High, the game turned out to be a very frustrating encounter. Hindered by a muddy turf, the Purple's offense was stifled, as the Eaglets recovered five Latin fumbles and scored three times in the first half. With the conversions good, B.C. did all the game's scoring, and ended the half leading 21-0.

During halftime, the Purple were fired up by the speeches of Co-captains Nick Mazares and Bob Gallagher. The Latin defense again proved itself in the second half by holding the huge B.C. line scoreless. The absence of Norm Finley proved fatal as the Purple were unable to muster any offense. The miserable season continued as the Purple went down in defeat for the seventh straight time.

#### **LATIN VS. ENGLISH**

After losing seven straight games, the Purple were determined to win THE GAME. In the long tradition rallies were held on the day before THE GAME, and this year's events displayed the true spirit of the student body. Guest speakers included alumni Bob Dowd, who played regular right tackle for Harvard, and Jay Porter, who was the hero of last year's game. The team was introduced individually and Coach Smith lauded their past efforts. The team left the rallies with confidence and a determined mind, as their exhibition would prove the next morning.

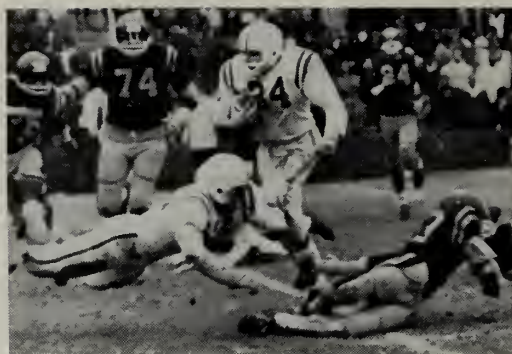
There was a huge turnout at THE GAME, a crowd of 12,507. Norm Finley, THE GAME'S most valuable player by a unanimous vote, took over from the start. With the ball on the English fourteen, Norm faked a hand-off and rolled out around left end for his first score. The kick failed and Latin led 6-0. English went down to the three, where Co-captain Nick Mazares hit Al Blades and Steve Judge recovered the fumble. English got the ball back and marched to the end-zone as Errol Morrison dove over from the three. The score was tied at 6-6, and it was the closest English would come to the Purple all afternoon. Finley then



threw a pass to Co-captain Bob Gallagher who played a fine game at end. This play moved the ball to the English nine, and Ward McCarthy busted over from the one. Mike Stone put the ball through the uprights, and the Purple went out at halftime leading 13-6.

The second half was all Latin. The Purple immediately broke THE GAME wide open. Co-captain Nick Mazares got things rolling as he recovered a fumble on the Blue's thirty-five. Finley rambled around left end for the distance, and Stone kicked the point, making the score 20-6. Latin got the ball back, and Finley threw a forty-four yard bomb to Gallagher for paydirt. Stone converted, raising the score to 27-6. Finley and Gallagher went to work again, as Gallagher caught three passes on this drive, the final touchdown drive for eight yards. The kick was blocked, as the Purple iced THE GAME at 33-6. English scored on a pass to Rico Nappa from twelve yards, ending the scoring at 33-12.

This was a great victory for the Purple, for it turned the season into a success.



— Scott

Everyone on the team was a standout, and deserved much credit. The players who really made the victory were Norm Finley, Co-captain Bob Gallagher, Chris Kordis who made many fine tackles, and Co-captain Nick Mazares who made from thirty-five to forty tackles and was all over the field. Nick continued to be the backbone of the defense, as he had been all season. Many thanks go to Coaches Smith, Sanford, and Howley, for a fine effort. Although this was the Purple's only victory, it was their finest hour.

## SOCCKER

### LATIN VS. TECHNICAL

In the season opener, Latin faced a heavily favored squad from Tech. The underdog Latin team scored a real upset victory by playing a tight ball control game. Hans Birle scored late in the first quarter with Paul Eng assisting. The rest of the game was a defensive battle with Latin threatening all the time but unable to score. Latin's defense shut out an extremely dangerous Tech front line and was rewarded with a 1-0 victory.

### LATIN VS. BROOKLINE

Latin's next opponent was an undefeated team from Brookline. Brookline scored in the first quarter on a center field break which caught Latin napping. Play was even for the next two quarters with both teams moving the ball well. Latin was unable to rally and in the fourth quarter, Brookline put the game out of reach by scoring again on a ball which ricocheted off a Latin player and rolled out in front of the Latin net. Latin's

front line really began to hustle desperately but Brookline's goalkeeper made several unbelievable saves and turned back Latin's last minute flurry. Final score: Brookline-2, Latin-0.

### **LATIN VS. ENGLISH**

In the next game, Latin faced a team which had not been beaten in five years, English High. Latin hustled but was not able to contain English's offense. English scored twice in each half while keeping Latin scoreless. Despite this 4-0 loss, Latin proved to be the most formidable opponent English had played.

### **LATIN VS. HYDE PARK**

After being shut out for two games, the Latin attack exploded against Hyde Park. Latin completely dominated the play and scored four times in the first quarter, once in the second, twice in the third, and once more in the fourth quarter. The scoring ran as follows: Co-Captain John Rossi unassisted on a corner kick; Captain Bob McGurn on a penalty kick; Bill Fraser with John Yong assisting; Jack Doyle with Bill Hurley assisting; Paul Eng with Bob McGurn assisting; Pat Groden with Al Feinberg assisting; Bill Hurley unassisted; and Don Kenney with Jack Doyle assisting. In this game, Latin used second and third team subs who were responsible for four of the eight goals: a good sign for seasons to come. Final score: Latin-8, Hyde Park-0.

### **LATIN VS. TECH**

In a rematch against Tech, Latin faced the offensive power that had failed to materialize in their first encounter. Tech scored twice, once in the first quarter and again in the third. Latin rallied in the fourth quarter as Bob McGurn scored Latin's only goal of the game with an assist from Hans Birle. Latin controlled play in the fourth quarter but time ran out. Final score: Tech-2, Latin-1.

### **LATIN VS. COMMONWEALTH**

Hungry for revenge after the heart-breaker against Tech, Latin played host to Commonwealth Prep. Larry Wong was first to score, Freddy Steenkamp getting credit for the assist. Then the tide turned against Latin as Commonwealth scored in

the second and fourth quarters. Goalie Al Feinberg saved the game for Latin with clutch saves against two Commonwealth penalty kicks. (Note: the odds are 9 to 1 against the goalkeeper whenever he faces a penalty kick.) Latin rallied in the fourth quarter as Paul Eng tied the game and sent it into overtime. Eng was not about to settle for a tie as he put a corner kick by John Rossi into the net with a head-shot. Latin kept pressing and won this cliffhanger in overtime 3-2.

### **LATIN VS. EAST BOSTON**

Playing a heavy schedule of twelve games in six weeks, Latin faced East Boston the following day. Latin carried the momentum of the Commonwealth game onto the field and scored twice in the first quarter. King Yee scored both goals with assists from Larry Wong and Hans Birle. Then, Wong and Birle scored goals themselves. Pat Groden and Mike Fitzgerald played tough defensive games and helped hand Al Feinberg his third shut-out.

### **LATIN VS. ENGLISH**



— Frasca

In its rematch against English, Latin played one of its best games of the season. Paul Eng scored for Latin with an assist from Hans Birle to put Latin ahead 1-0 at the half. Things were awfully quiet on the English bench. However, English

came back in the second half and scored three times to destroy any hopes that Latin had of spoiling English's unbeaten record. It is a tribute to the members of the team that they were able to play so well and to show the traditional city champions that maybe next year, Latin will be Number 1. Final score: English-3, Latin-1.

#### **LATIN VS. ROXBURY LATIN**

In recent years, Latin's arch-rival in soccer has been Roxbury Latin. Not having won a game in five years against this team, BLS decided to end that streak. Hans Birle, alias the "Wunderkind," put on a one man show in the first half scoring two goals. Jack Doyle, subbing at wing, scored on a cross field pass to make the score 3-0. Fitzgerald, Groden and Burns, all fullbacks, blanketed the Roxbury attack and helped Feinberg earn his fourth shut-out. Final score: BLS-3, RLS-0.

#### **LATIN VS. BOSTON COLLEGE**

The team Latin faced next was the Boston College Freshmen. Latin played a great game in the first quarter, completely overwhelming BC. The next three periods, however, saw Latin's situation deteriorate. BC's standard of play could hardly be called commendable. Captain Bob McGurn made several protests to the referee concerning fouls committed against his teammates, all to no avail. Latin then adopted some of BC's tactics decking several deserving BC players with clean hard tackles in return for services rendered. BC went on to win but they could hardly be proud of the way they had played and the methods they had used against a much smaller team. If nothing else, Latin gained a free lesson in foul play and bad officiating. Pat Groden and Mike Fitzgerald played good hard-nosed ball while taking more knocks than anyone else. Paul Eng, Larry Wong,

King Yee, and Hans Birle played consistently well on the front line but were unable to score. Final score: BC-6, Latin-0.

#### **LATIN VS. COMMONWEALTH**

If Latin ever had a bad day, it was the second game against Commonwealth. Still hurting from their loss to BC, the Latin squad was unable to score while allowing Commonwealth to score once in the third quarter. Good play on both sides was extremely sporadic and both teams were hurt by injuries and by sickness. Final score: Commonwealth-1, Latin-0.

#### **LATIN VS. ROXBURY LATIN**

Latin had not beaten any single team more than once and the team was determined not to let Roxbury Latin be added to that list. Hans Birle and Paul Eng combined for the last time this season to score the only goal of the game. The rain and cold made ball-handling on RL's muddy field very difficult. The defense made Birle's score stick as Paul Lekosi, Tom Burns, and John Rossi played very good games to hand Al Feinberg his fifth shut-out. By winning this game 1-0, the soccer team was able to hand first-year coach Mr. Evans a fine 6-6 record. Paul Eng and Hans Birle tied for the title of leading scorer, each totaling fifteen points.

#### **J.V. SOCCER**

This season the junior varsity soccer team had a record of one win, one loss, and three ties. Coach Evans has high hopes for the team in coming years with several bright prospects among the jv's. Forwards Bill Hurley, Jack Doyle, Don Kenney, Bernie Kohler, Vinny Steponitas, and David Marsden have shown real scoring potential. Halfbacks Bill Fraser and John Yong along with fullbacks Chris Thomas and George Traylor are also coming up as future varsity defensemen.





## CREW

Last Spring the Boston Latin Crew won the city championship by overpowering Tech in the last race of the season. Tech, as always, was favored to walk off with the city championship that season. However, Latin's boat, coxswained by Dave Kelley, proved to be too much for cocky Tech. Stroke Paul Agrippino set the pace for a strong crew made up of Bill Anastas, Richard Murray, Kevin Barry, Ward McCarthy, Joe Sinkevich, Nick Mazares, Jerry Murphy, Ken Zunder, and bowman, Bruce Burnham. This spirited boat fought neck and neck with Tech the whole season. At the start of the last race, Tech jumped off to its usual quick lead. However, Latin kept its "cool", and continued with their long powerful strokes. Even with Tech as the last 15 to 20 yards approached, Latin poured it on and streamed across the finish line as City Champs!

This Fall, however, Latin had lost most of its powerful championship crew to football. The only returning veterans were Co-Captains Agrippino and Anastas, and

Murray. Seniors John Nagle, Steve Colombari, Dieter Koenig, Jim Bezreh and Chuck Clabaugh had hoped to help Latin retain the No. 1 position. However, this Fall Latin did not have too much time to practice and all the new members took a long time to get their rhythm synchronized with last year's rowers. By the time this strong boat got into shape, the season was just about over with Tech walking off with first place again.

The races, one mile in length, customarily start from the Mass. Ave. Bridge and wind down the River to the docks of the Union Boat Club. This Fall, however, a two mile race was proposed by confident Tech. Although Tech won, Latin finished strong the first time the crew had ever raced two miles.

The members of last Spring's championship crew would like to thank Coach Vara for his guidance and instruction all last Spring, and along with this Fall's newcomers, hope to have Latin come back next Spring as City Champs for a second time.

## CROSS COUNTRY

The second week of school saw the Cross Country team, which turned out to be the best in many years, begin a very rugged season. Many times during the season, tough suburban teams were entered in Boston races, but the Purple harriers ran well in every meet.

In the very first meet, the class meet, Latin's varsity achieved almost a complete shutout against six schools. The J.V. wiped out all competition, and the Freshman Team, which went undefeated this season, ran away from everyone. In the next meet Latin left English High in the dust, the boys from across the street coming up on the short end of a 37-17 score. At this point of the season the team's morale was very high, perhaps too high because in the next week English surprised everyone by beating Latin, Tech, Dorchester and Trade. Latin, however, was a close second to the boys in blue.

The day of the Regimental Championship Meet came and the team was set for

a victory when one of our best runners showed up with a leg injury. Co-Captain Clive Doran proved himself a real competitor when he taped his leg, and ran painfully, but well, coming in within the top fifteen. Not only Clive, but the entire team ran their hearts out, but fell on the short end of a 40-39 score, losing the Reggies by that one point to Tech.

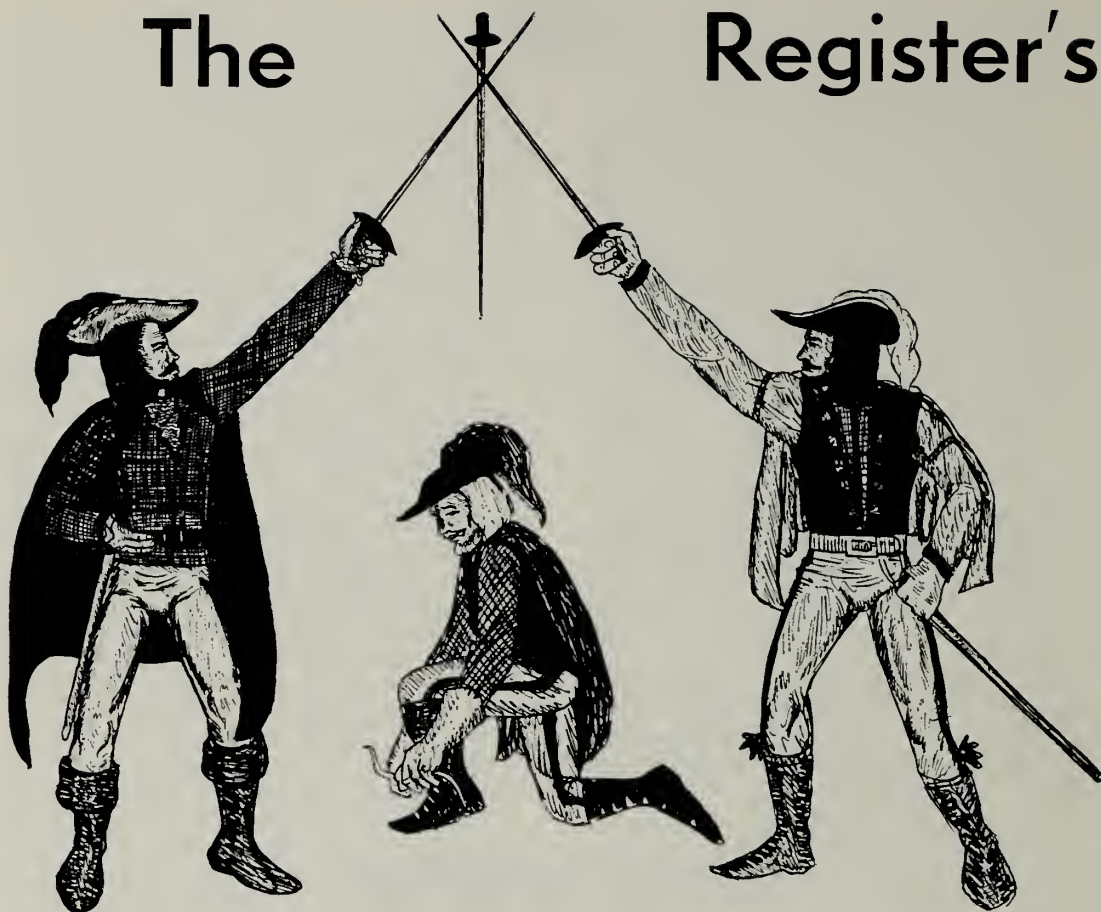
Congratulations should go to Co-Captain Mike Pearson and junior Steve Stanislawsyk, who finished second and third, respectively, in the Regimentals. The Frosh came through in the Reggies and brought the Freshman Championship to Boston Latin.

The varsity team consisted of three Co-Captains, Clive Doran, Mike Pearson and Larry Grey, senior Pete Hogan, junior sensations Stanislawsyk, Bonica, and Arnold, and sophomores Duffy, Frawley, and Cushing.

With these good underclassmen returning next year, Coach Fielding will once again be able to field a very strong team.

# The

# Register's



— Capozzi —

## Raving

## Reporter

**Sept. 4:** Ye R.R.R. entered and left school today with a case of the blues.

**Sept. 6:** Overheard in 211:

"How did you find England, Sir?"

"Well, I took a boat from New York and when I got off there it was . . ."

**Sept. 9:** The editors of the **Register** have decided to give Ye R.R.R. a trip to Merry Olde England also. One way.

**Sept. 12:** Definition:

A married college student —

A man who goes to school by the sweat of his frau.

**Sept. 16:** Ye R.R.R. blew his mind for the last time yesterday when he lost at Russian Roulette.

**Sept. 18:** Overheard on the Jamaicaaway:

"Who are you looking for?"

"Thumb-one to pick me up."

**Sept. 23:** Yesterday Ye R.R.R. was given a tour of the kitchen at B.L.S. He smelled a strong odor coming from the frying pans but he couldn't tell what was cooking. In his report he referred to them as unidentified frying objects.

**Sept. 26:** Wise guy with a water pistol: "Hey, what would you say to a little squirt?"

Ye R.R.R.: "Hi, little squirt."

**Sept. 30:** Ye R.R.R. voted against the present dress code. He didn't think dresses should be allowed in the school at all.

**Nov. 3:** Ye R.R.R. set a scholastic precedent today by receiving early rejections from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton.

**Nov. 7:** Overheard in 220:

Master: "Formulate a sentence using the word **visage**."

Stewardent: "I visage my grandmother every two weeks."

**Nov. 9:** Ye R.R.R. returned from a trip to Burma with a remarkable mynah bird that he had taught to talk and drink gin and tonic. One day Ye R.R.R. and his bird stopped in a bar for a drink. The bartender was later arrested for contributing to the delinquency of mynahs.

**Nov. 11:** Ye R.R.R. has reached the conclusion that Priests who aspire to become Bishops are only satisfying their altar egos.

**Nov. 13:** Overheard in the library:

A.P. #1: "Hey did you know that Brigham Young was a very poor mathematician?"

A.P. #2: "How do you know?"

A.P. #1: "He had a lot of trouble with locuses."

**Nov. 15:** Mr. Weinert threw his class a **curve** on today's test by giving them a new **slant** on **slopes**. After getting back the test, the students thought the test was **inclined** to be **graded** very **steep**. However, Ye R.R.R. **angled** the **right** mark to rise **acutely** in the class standing after his **degrading** sharp **decline**.

**Nov. 16:** First Sixie: "What's a Chinese voyeur?"

Second Sixie: "A Peking Tom?"

**Nov. 18:** Ye R.R.R. quickly learned of the explosion at the boarding house because the rumors were flying.

**Nov. 21:** Overheard in 135:

Magister: "Name the great classic by Keats."

Puer: "Ode to a Grecian Urn."

Magister: "Tell me, what's a Grecian urn?"

Puer: "Oh, about a dollar forty an hour."

**Nov. 22:** The MBTA is designing a special trolley which will hold only two passengers. They call it "T for 2."

**Nov. 25:** Editor Bechis, when putting together the **Register**, lost his exacto knife. He had to use the Zizis instead.

**Nov. 26:** Overheard in 032:

"How many pictures have we got for this issue?"

"**Great Scott!** I don't know!"

**Nov. 29:** Ye R.R.R. recently heard the tale of the Peruvian prince who fished a beautiful maiden out of a lake and made her his before the Inca was dry.

**Dec. 2:** Overheard:

"Sir, as an outside observer, what do you think of the human race?"

**Dec. 4:** Ye R.R.R. neglected his study of the Latin poets and was dropped for Juvenal delinquency.

**Dec. 6:** Overheard in 317:

Mahster: "Now boys, we will take up the topic of magnetism."

Stoodent: "This sounds like one of the more attractive sections of physics."

**Dec. 16:** Overheard in the corridor:

Sixie #1: "Did you know that cannibals are great humanitarians?"

Sixie #2: "No, I didn't. Why?"

Sixie #1: "They like people."

**Dec. 18:** Ye R.R.R. called a dry cleaner who had his pants for a long time and said, "If they aren't back in one hour, I'm suing for promise of breeches."

**Dec. 20:** Ye R.R.R. in an ancient history class was reminded of the lovely young lady at King Arthur's court, who, when she crept into the castle at four o'clock in the morning, whispered to the guard as she passed, "What a knight!"

## Dic "Bona Nox," Dic!

— Insegrevius LXIX



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